

HOME-TIES

KRAUSKOPF

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To Estella from her father.

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Rosa Krambaff.

HOME-TIES.

Six Lectures

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

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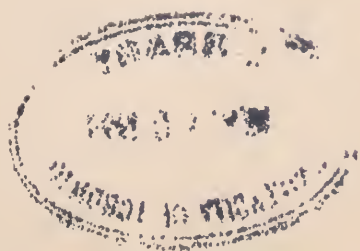
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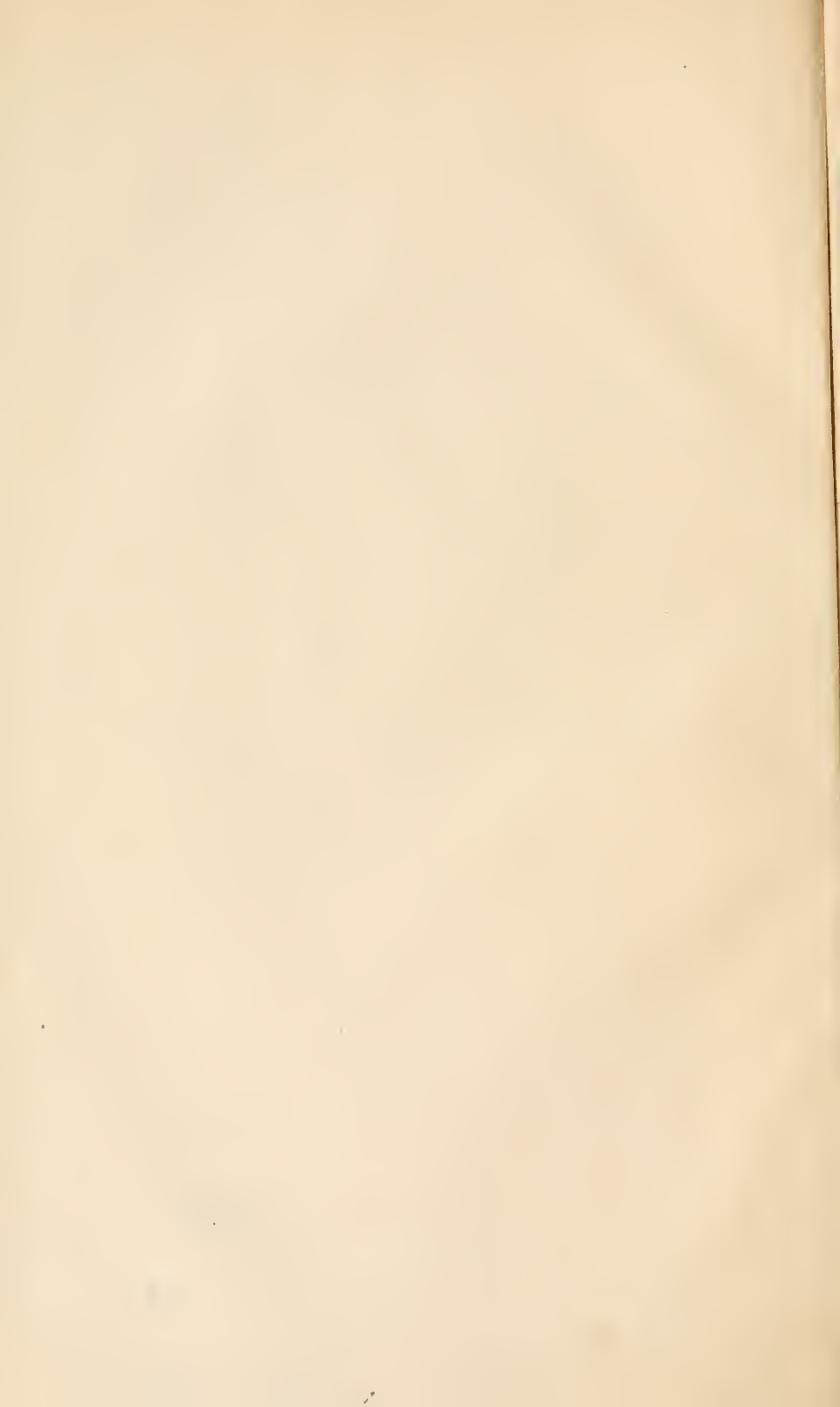
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

In Memory
OF
ROSE KRAUSKOPF,

whose pure life illustrated the affectionate wife and mother, the noble
sister and child, of whom this volume treats.

SACREDLY DEDICATED BY THE PUBLISHER.





A Mother's Love.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, Jan. 7th, 1894.

In flaring letters, the bulletins in front of the newspaper offices announced, a week ago last Friday, that Prendergast, the assassin of Chicago's popular Mayor, had been found guilty of murder. Newsboys, laden with "Extras" of the afternoon journals, reechoed the news on all the street corners of the city. Everywhere groups of men were seen standing, discussing the horribleness of the murder, the fairness of the trial, the justice of the verdict, and not a few among them were of the opinion that hanging was too easy a death for that miserable offspring of a brute.

A mother's
agony.

Past one of these groups a gray-haired woman wended her way. She was tottering rather than walking. Her body was bent, her eyes were red from weeping, her cheeks pale and wan from watching and waiting. It was the mother of the condemned murderer. She seemed as if in a stupor, as if she had been stunned by some fearful blow. She saw not the groups of men as she passed them by, neither heard she the newsboys' mercenary cries. She saw but the death-like pallor upon her boy's face. She saw but the trembling of his frame, and the stretching out of his arms for support. She heard but those fatal words: "We the jury find Patrick Eugene Prendergast guilty of murder, and fix his punishment at death."

She reached her humble home at last. Stumbling across the threshold, she cast herself into a chair, and there, in her awful loneliness, she gave way to the long pent-up agony of a mother's grief.

When exhaustion had somewhat stilled the first paroxysm of her despair, she fell abrooding. Her mind wandered back a score of years and more. She saw herself sitting in the same chair, preparing, with nimble fingers, the dainty little clothes for her expected child, and breathing a prayer and a hope between every stitch. She thought of the golden dreams she had dreamed, of the bright hopes she had hoped. Again she felt the tortures she endured when the welcome little stranger came at last,—but what were her tortures then compared with her agonies now. Again she saw his first smile, and heard his first word, and watched his first step. Again she listened to the prattle of his childhood, and heard the lessons of his school-days, and watched her brave boy going forth to earn his own livelihood. Again she thought of

She had hoped
for better things.

the happy picture she had drawn of her darling son, at the side of a lovely wife, and surrounded by a group of merry little ones, herself living her own childhood over again in that of her grandchildren, and her own motherhood in that of her new daughter's—when suddenly all these sweet pictures of past and future vanished away, and in their stead she beheld the child of her pains, the child of her hopes, upon the scaffold, with hangman's rope around his neck, by un pitying hands launched into eternity.

This horrible vision brought another paroxysm upon her. Falling upon her knees, and burying her head in her hands upon the chair, she sobbed forth with all the anguish of a mother's breaking heart: "O God, why hast thou forsaken me! What have I done to have deserved such a fate as this! My boy is innocent, hear it, O God, my boy is innocent! His enemy, and Thy enemy, O God, Satan himself, did this wicked deed, not my son. It was not his will, for he is as gentle as a lamb, and as good as a saint. Hear, O God, hear a mother's prayer for her unfortunate child! Save, O God, save my innocent boy. Slay the mother, if it must be, but spare her child."

I have dwelled, somewhat at length, upon this harrowing scene, and have filled out, quite in detail, the gaps usually left unfilled by the newspapers, that I might give you in a single example one of the most powerful illustrations of the intensity and constancy, of the self-sacrifice and blindness of a mother's love. Not all the learning and eloquence of the court, not all the testimony of witnesses and experts, could shake her belief in the innocence of her boy, nor could all the abuse, heaped upon him by pulpit, press and public, make him less dear to her maternal heart. For the forsaken of all there is yet one sheltering refuge; for the hated of all there is yet one loving bosom; for the condemned of all there is yet one to believe in his innocence, and that one is his mother. What of it, that her friends call her belief in her child's innocence blindness and stubbornness, what of it, that her son's former companions feel now ashamed of ever having associated with him, what of it, that her relatives now turn their backs upon her, because her son has brought shame upon the family name, she, the mother, who has born and taught and trained him, sees no wrong, will not see it, cannot see it; she, the mother, who has hoped and prayed for him, believes in no guilt, will not believe it, cannot believe it; she, the mother, who has toiled and suffered for him, forsakes him not, will not forsake him, cannot forsake him. Though all the world despise and reject him, she, the mother, will be all the world to him. She will press him all the closer to her bosom, the more the world thrusts him away from itself. She will shelter him all the safer under the pinions of her maternal love, the more the world hounds him to death.

Oh, thou sacred love of mother, sacred even when misapplied! What human love shall we liken unto thee, what earthly treasures shall we

compare with thine ! What gift of God to man is as pure and holy, as unselfish and as true, as art thou, thou sweetest of all God's gifts ! What were man to-day, hadst thou not been ; what would man be to-morrow wert thou to cease to-day. How dreary were this world of ours without thy cheerful presence, how storm-tossed our life without thy restful haven ! How cold were the habitations of man, how cruel were human society, wert not thou, thou deep and perennial fount celestial in mother's breast, to soften and to guide, to quicken and to bless !

*Apostrophe to
Mother's Love.*

What sentinel at the cradle more watchful, what nurse at the bedside more soothing, what guardian at the grave more faithful than thou ! What braver champion in our attack, what better comforter in our defeat, what sincerer applauder in our victory, what prouder and louder herald of our fame, than thou, Oh mother's love !

What other love is as slow to be offended, what other love as ready to forgive when offended, what other love as ready to forget what it has forgiven, as art thou, thou mother's love !

Thou art the source from which all other loves spring, thou art the teacher and inspirer of them all, and as long as thou wilt endure, children will not cease to love their parents, nor will husbands and wives cease to love each other, nor will youths and maidens cease to fascinate and to attract one another.

God's masterwork art thou, thou Mother's Love, more, thou art a piece of Divinity itself. "God could not be everywhere," said an ancient Jewish sage, "so He created thee." God wished to be worshipped in every home, so He set thee, as part of Himself, as sanctuary within every mother's heart. Where thou art revered, God is worshipped ; where thou art adored, God is loved. Paradise was not lost. It was regained when Eve the wife became Eve the mother. It is restored, with undiminished beauty and sweetness, in every mother's heart.

Yet, for reasons unfathomable, the Paradisian curse has lingered at thy side. There has never been a mother since the days of Eve that has not felt, in all its painfulness, that terrible decree launched, according to Scriptures, upon the first of human mothers : "Thy motherhood shall bring thee pain and anguish. As bearer of children, thou shalt also be a bearer of burdens and a sufferer of sorrows."

Yes, a bearer of burdens, and a sufferer of sorrows must every mother be. The privilege of motherhood is dearly purchased, and dearly maintained. To be a mother is to be a martyr.

Not even the most favored of mothers escapes her share of martyrdom. Even if her children grow up in the way she would have them go, she is never without fear, and never without care. Temptations beset them, mishaps befall them, sickness encompasses them, death hovers over them,—anxieties enough to make the sturdiest of mother's hearts to quail. There are instruments so sensitively constructed, that they will register the gentlest zephyr, the faintest ray, the softest sound, the smallest weight, but what is their sensitiveness

A sufferer of sorrows must every mother be.

compared with that of a mother's heart. Not an ache of child, and be it yet so slight, but mother feels its pang in a tenfold intensified form. Not a smile upon babe's lips, and be it yet so faint, that is not converted into ecstasy within mother's heart. Not a sound from baby's lips, and be it yet so soft, but becomes a trumpet blast in mother's ears. A child's molehill of sorrow is by mother's love magnified into a mountain, while her own mountain of sorrow she disguises into a molehill, not to bring worry to her children's hearts. The prick of a needle in the finger of a child is a dagger's thrust within mother's heart; a mishap, a misfortune to the child, is often a mother's doom.

In an old English town, so Venerable the poet tells us, a child was lost. Throughout the village, in the gloom of night, the bell-man went, calling aloud in old English fashion :

A child in danger
causes a mother's
loss of reason.

"Oh, yes! oh, yes!
Child lost! blue eyes,
Curly hair, pink dress,—
Child lost! oh, yes!"

The sombre cry brought tears into many a mother's eyes, and closer than ever they clasped their little ones in their protecting arms. Hour after hour tolls the town-bell, and still the bell-man's calls resound, varied now and then by a half-frenzied mother's cries:

"Can't my little one be found?
Are there any tidings, friend?
Is she stolen? Is she drowned?
Heaven protect her and defend!

"Search the common, search the park,
Search the doorways and the halls,
Search the alleys foul and dark,
Search the empty market stalls!

"Here is gold and silver. See!
Take it all and welcome, men
Only find my child for me,
Give her to my arms again!"

The hours pass on. Darker and darker grows the night. Wilder and wilder grow the mother's cries. The night wanes; the day dawns; the child is not found. The frenzied mother weeps no more. Merrily the child returns to tell her mother how she had been at play in a friend's mill, and how she had fallen asleep, and never knew it till awakened in the morning. But no welcome greets her from mother's lips, no caress, no fond embrace, as she was wont to receive after even a short separation. Only a maniac's stare meets the child's inquiring look. From mother's lips, in wild and hoarse sounds, only these words fall every now and then :

"Oh, yes! oh, yes!
Child lost! blue eyes,
Curly hair, pink dress,—
Child lost! oh, yes!"

And who could not tell stories of a mother's grief even sadder than this, and what age and what people could not have told them. From as far back as Sarah's time comes down to us the tradition, that when Abraham led forth his son Isaac to sacrifice him unto God, the lad's mother fell into a dead faint, and hovered between life and death for a number of days. But when

A child in danger
causes a mother's
loss of life.

her husband brought him back to her alive, the joy was too sudden and too great for a mourning mother's heart. She looked, she smiled,—and died. And from as far back as Homer's time there has come down to us the legend—and legends are often but fanciful crystallizations of common truths and experiences—that when Ulysses, the valiant but ill-fated hero of the Achaians, entered the netherworld, and asked the spirit of his mother what had caused her death, whether it had been destiny or disease that cut short her thread of life, he received as reply: "No, my son, neither destiny nor disease cut short my days. It was my grief over thy long absence, my thinking and mourning thee as dead, that slew me."

It might not be wrong to class a mother's love as a sixth sense. Every true mother seems to possess a sense that feels what the ordinary sense of touch or taste cannot feel, that sees what the physical or mental eye cannot see, that hears what neither ear nor conscience can hear, a special sense, of which A mother's love is a sixth and special sense. man is wholly unconscious, of which even woman in the state of girlhood, or maidenhood, or childless wifehood, has only a partial knowledge.

How true it is that the mother possesses special powers of seeing and hearing, of feeling and enduring, which no other human being possesses, needs not my telling, neither could I tell it, since a true knowledge of it was denied unto the masculine A mother sees what others cannot see. sex. I can but faintly judge of it, and only by what I have seen or heard or read of it. I can but judge of the existence of such a special sense of seeing, by such stories as that of the "*Mother's Recognition*," which was one of the favorites of my childhood's readings, which told of a son, who had left home quite young, and returned after many years, a full grown man. His hair and clothes were covered with dust, his face was brown, his beard was long, his frame was sturdy and strong. At the village-gate he spoke to the toll-keeper, his former friend, who recognized him not, so much had time changed his face. He passed the house of a maiden fair, to whom he had plighted his troth years ago, and by whom he had believed himself still beloved; she stood at the open window, he looked at her, she looked at him, but she recognized him not, so much had time changed his face. Saddened by this disappointment, he passed on towards his mother's home. In front of the church he saw an aged woman walking with downward face. "God be with thee!" spoke he to her. She looked up, gazed into the bronzed and weather-beaten face, uttered the cry of "My Boy! My Boy!" and the next moment she wept for joy on the bosom of her son. Though time had changed his face, though former friend and former beloved recognized him no more, the mother's eye knew him at once.

Yet, greater far than her special power of hearing and seeing is a mother's special power of enduring. It is this that renders motherhood divine, that makes of every mother a Suffering Messiah, a Vicarious Atonement. Not a score of men together endure during their whole lives the tortures and agonies or sacrifice as much for the good of others, with so small A mother endures what others cannot endure.

a return of good for themselves, as does one single mother. What are all the masterpieces of genius of which men boast, compared with the bearing and rearing of a human life! What are the greatest battles ever fought by man, compared with those which mothers have fought, still fight, and yet shall fight!

As purchasing price of motherhood the mother offers her virginal youth and beauty, her maiden leisure and independence,—not infrequently even her life. For the privilege of pressing a babe to her bosom, and calling it flesh of her flesh, and life of her life, she pays with the most excruciating tortures that human being can endure, and though she continues paying for it, all her lifetime, in the coin of suffering, yet remains she debtor until her death. And what is so awing as the self-forgetfulness, the heroism, even the cheerfulness, with which she suffers, and looks forward to suffering. The poet Chamisso speaks of this most touchingly, when in one of his songs he tells us:

“Und als das Kind geboren war,
 Sie mussten der Mutter es zeigen:
 Da ward ihr Auge voll Thränen so klar,
 Es strahlte so wonning, so eigen.

 Gern litt ich und werde, mein süßes Licht;
 Viel Schmerzen um dich noch erleben.
 Ach! lebt von Schmerzen die Liebe nicht,
 Und nicht von Liebe das Leben?”

The Buddhists Scriptures tell of the manner in which one of their saints obtained *Nirvana*. He saw one day a falcon chasing a little bird. “I beseech thee,” said he to the bird of prey, “leave this little creature in peace; I will give thee its weight from my own flesh.” The bargain was entered into. A pair of scales were secured, the little bird settled itself in one of the scales, and into the other the saint placed a good slice of his flesh, but the beam did not move. Bit by bit the whole of his body went into the scales, but still the beam was motionless. Just as the last shred of the holy man’s body touched the scale, the beam fell, the little bird flew away, and with it the life of the saint. Behold in this the symbol of the self-sacrificing mother. The little bird is her little child, and for its happiness she surrenders piece after piece of her own life and happiness, until, when she has no more to give, the child flies away, and she herself sinks into the grave.

Be the child small or be the child tall its mother’s cares remain the same. She has headaches with the little ones; she has heartaches with the big ones. She weeps tears of anguish when they are with her, and tears of anguish she weeps when they are far away. She sits in body by the bedside of her little ones, and chases her sleep away that they might sleep, and suppresses her tears that they may not weep, and laughs and sings, though her nerve- and heart-strings snap, that they may laugh and sing, and slaves about the home that they may play and want for nothing. She sits in spirit by the side of her grown and distant children, and

Bethe child small
 or tall a mother's
 cares remain the
 same.

weeps aloud when they but weep in silence, and quails and trembles when they but fear, and fears and sighs even when they rejoice and feel themselves secure.

For her children's wants her heart knows no No. Has she not risked her life for them? Has she not fed them of her own life and blood? Has she not sacrificed her youth and beauty for them? Has she not given them tear for tear, and sigh for sigh, A mother's love knows no No. and kiss for smile, and caress for pout? What else has she of greater worth which she could deny them? And what child knows not this, and knows it not instinctively, and from earliest childhood's days! Within a coffin a young mother lay enshrined. A bunch of flowers had been placed within her hand. Into the room strayed one of the little ones left motherless. Gazing upon the flowers in mother's hands, the little one said: "Please, give me a flower, mother dear, I love you so much." And as the child received no reply, it gazed upon the sleeping, placid face, and said to itself: "Mother is asleep, when she'll awake the flower she'll give to me." Wisely, wisely spakest thou, thou little child. The flower for which thou askest shall yet be given thee. A mother cannot refuse so sweet a want as thine. What she could not give thee here, she will give thee, must give thee, there, there.

And she who knows no No, knows as little danger. When her child's life or safety or honor is at stake her own counts for naught. She will fight where men fall back aghast; she will triumph where A mother's love knows no danger armies flee in dismay. The more a man's strength cowers, the more a mother's courage towers. No hour is so dark, and no hope so forlorn that a mother's love will not return and revive as the dawn of morn dispels the shades of night, as the summer shower refreshes the smitten of the sun.

There are other and greater saints than religious saints. It is glorious to surrender one's life for principle's sake. It is divine to sacrifice one's life for a child's sake. If the rule of canonizing She dies to satisfy a child's craving for love. those who live a holy life, who feed the hungry and clothe the naked, who heal the sick and make the blind to see, and the lame to walk, were equitably applied, there would be few mother's to-day without the title Saint prefixed to their names. If a Joan of Arc is to be sainted for taking life, surely a saintship ought not to be denied to a Princess Alice for sacrificing her life to answer a child's craving for her love. Her children were stricken with a treacherous and fatal disease. Death had plucked her little girl, and her little boy was in imminent danger. The physician had strongly warned her against kissing the child or inhaling its breath. Long she stifled her heart's cravings, but, at last her self-constraint broke down. She could no longer resist her child's piteous appeals for its mother's kiss and embrace. Her love conquered the fear of death. She clasped him into her arms, kissed him, and, soon after, paid the penalty of death.

Nor ought a saintship be denied to that Hungarian countess, of whom her country's chronicles speak. Her patriot son, scarce a score years old,

She deceives and dies to spare her child the anguish of death. lies in prison, condemned to die. His mother is admitted to his cell to see her son for the last time. Upon her knees she had entreated all the powers of the land for her son's pardon, but pardon had she obtained from none.

Her son must die—but he must not know it. "I have yet one more hope," she tells him. "To-morrow I will prostrate myself before the Emperor himself. If I fail my child," caressingly she whispers to him, "then, die like the hero that thou art. If I succeed, then, shall we indeed rejoice again. But since these prison-gates will no more unbar for me to tell thee of my success or failure, let this be a sign to thee. I shall take my place on the eminence opposite the place of execution. If my face is wrapt in a veil of black then all is lost, if in a veil of white thou art safe, safe even though the guns be aimed at thy heart, safe even though the command to fire be given, the shots will not kill thee, they will be but blank cartridges to frighten thee or to deceive the public."

The morrow came. Forth to the place of execution the patriot-son was led. On the eminence the mother stood. He looked, and saw the veil of white. His heart leaped for joy. He knew his mother would not fail. He feared no more. He smiled at the guns aimed at his heart. He smiled when the command to fire was given. The smile was still upon his face when he dropped dead. He never knew he died. But the mother knew. She had deceived her son to spare him the last agonies. Upon the eminence soon after another dropped dead. The spirit of the mother had gone forth to meet that of her son.

Nor ought a saintship be denied to that Viennese student's mother, even though untitled and unnamed, even though but a sempstress, of whom we read the other day. Long and hard had she toiled to enable her talented boy to pursue his medical studies. Busily she plied her needle, and strained her eyes and back from early morn till late at night to earn her boy's college-fees, and to keep him undisturbed at his studies. The time for the final examination arrived, and quieter than ever the mother kept the house, that no needless noise might disturb her boy's preparations. In her excitement she pricked her finger with a needle. Her hand swelled, and the physician she visited told her that her finger must be amputated. She asked that the operation be performed at once, and at the office, lest her son's mind be agitated over his mother's accident. Rapidly the poison spread throughout the whole arm, requiring immediate amputation. But she begged that it be delayed a day, till her boy's examination, and that in the meantime no whisper of her misfortune be allowed to reach her son's ears. The examination-day arrived. The mother bade him an affectionate good-by, and wished her boy success. Soon after he had departed the physician came and amputated the gangrenous arm. In the evening late the son returned, radiant with joy, to tell his mother of his brilliant success, of his promising future, of the end of their days of want. But she to whom this would have

She dies to save a child worry.

been welcome news was no more. She had waited too long, and died of blood-poison, a martyr for her son's success.

Still more can a mother do for her child. She can not only die for it, she can bury it—and yet live, and live a living martyrdom, live to see her heart transforming itself into a coffin, within the most secret and most sacred chamber of which she carries enshrined, all her life-time, the child of her pains, the child of her hopes.

A mother cannot only die for child she can even outlive it.

What grief is more pathetic or more lacerating than that of a mother mourning for her child! What grave is greener or flowrier kept than that beside which a mother kneels and weeps! What worship more awe-inspiring than that of a mother's worship of the relics of her dead child,—a lock of hair, a half-worn baby-shoe, a broken toy, a letter, a flower, a book, a picture! What grief more touching than that of a Ceres filling heaven and earth with her lamentations over the loss of her daughter, or that of Niobe gradually turning into a weeping stone because of the loss of all her ten children, or that of a Rizpah, who sat upon sackcloth beside her seven sons hung "from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest upon them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night."*

And a mother's greatest glory of all is that she can do all this,—suffer for her children, sacrifice herself for them, die for them, even survive them, without gaining anything from it for herself. Her love is all unselfishness. If but her child is happy, she craves for no other reward; she cares not even though she herself be unhappy. If but her child meets with success, she craves for no other riches; she cares not even though she herself be poor. If but her child is honored, she craves for no other glory, she cares not even though she herself be despised. Agrippina, being over ambitious for the future of her son Nero, was repeatedly warned by the astrologers, that his elevation involved her murder. To all such warnings she had but one answer: "*Occidat dum imperet*," "Let him slay me, so he do but reign." He did reign, and he did slay his mother.

And she can endure all for her children without any gain for herself.

To the glory of children, however, be it said that the ungrateful and brutal Neros are the exceptions. Good mothers rear as a rule good and grateful children. The world's greatest men have almost unanimously acknowledged their indebtedness to their mothers for their greatness and goodness. It often becomes a question as to what is more to be admired: a mother's training or the result of that training in her child, a Goethe trained, or a Goethe's mother training a Goethe. But it is never a question who is more to be pitied, a mother dead, or a motherless child alive. The world's sympathy is and has been more with the latter than with the former. Of children raised from earliest infancy without their

Great men credit their greatness to their training by their mothers.

* II. Sam. xxi.

mothers, but few have attained greatness, and most of those who have, have carried the sign of their motherlessness with them all their lives. All its losses in its later life cannot equal a child's early loss of its mother. There will be friends, good and self-sacrificing friends, to take a mother's place, and such there are, and God be thanked for it, but not even the most devoted friendship can take the place of motherhood. It lacks the mystic tie of blood of mother's blood, of life of mother's life, of love of mother's love. Other mothers will in the hour of bereavement promise to mother the child. But the fervor of the promise wanes with the advancing moons. Their leisure-hours are few, and these are elsewhere required, and degree by degree the motherless child is left to shift for itself as best it may.

Pity the child from whose earliest vocabulary the word "Mamma" must be carefully eliminated. Pity the child that must be reared without a mother's love, without a mother's care. Drop a tear upon the grave of her who was early snatched from her home, with those left behind who have still much need of her. But breathe a prayer of blessing upon every cradle and nursery and family-circle where a mother's love is guide and ruling spirit. Breathe a prayer of blessing upon every mother who has a child to love and to bless, and upon every child who has the good fortune to be loved and blessed by a mother's love.

Pity the motherless child.

A Father's Love.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, Jan. 21st, 1894.

However much opinions may differ as to the character of Shylock, in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, one trait at least he possesses, which commands the sympathy of both friend and foe, and that is the intensity of his paternal affection. What-
Shylock's love of daughter commands respect of friend and foe.
ever our opinion may be as to whether Shakespeare meant to portray the Jew as better or worse than any of the other characters in the play,* of so much at least we are sure, that Shylock's love of his daughter is the purest love of any in that drama. Not even the most despicable and ludicrous impersonation of the Venetian money-lender can prevent his becoming heroic and tragic, when he fills the streets and squares with his clamors over the loss of his daughter, and makes the very heavens reverberate his threats of vengeance for luring a daughter from a lonely father's heart.

Much as he loves money, he loves his daughter more. And much as he loves both, he would rather see his daughter dead, with the stolen jewels in her ears and the ducats in her coffin, than know her polluted and disgraced by an unworthy and unholy alliance.

Grievous had been the wrongs and insults to which he had been subjected, prior to this cruel outrage; well-nigh innumerable had been the times that he had been called a usurer, a misbeliever, a cut-throat, a dog, that he had been spurned and kicked and spat upon. All this, and yet worse than this, he had borne with patience and meekness, since "suffrance is the badge of all his tribe." But when the enemy crossed the threshold of his sanctuary, when base fortune-hunters invaded the inviolable privacy of his domestic life, and lured from his hearth and heart the innocent child of his lamented Leah, the child he had reared amidst the tenderest love and care, whom he had watched even as the apple of his eye, whom he had cherished beyond all else on earth, whose innocent converse and affectionate caresses had been more than a recompense to him for all the wrongs and insults a hostile world heaped upon him beyond his doors, for whom alone he had slaved, for whom alone he had saved, his long-controlled anger and hatred burst their bounds, and poisoned his heart and set his brain afire. He insists upon the execution of the bond, which originally he had drawn up simply as a merry sport. He
He can endure all insult except insult to his daughter.

* See author's "Shylock—The Unhistoric Jew" Sunday Lectures, Series V.

will execute the villany his enemies had taught him. He will make them suffer a father's vengeance for a daughter's wrong.

Let us leave Shylock for the present, and turn to a somewhat kindred character, to the Prince of India, in Lew Wallace's latest story. I

have before this spoken to you of this Indian Prince,*
 Similar father's love shown by Prince of India. but only in relation to the Jewish question, and with regard to his mission as the "Wandering Jew." To-day I shall present him to you in another light,—not in the glare of a prince, or of a Croesus, or of a diplomat, or of a would-be unifier of the religions of the world, but in the hallowed gleams of a father and foster-father. He has located himself in Constantinople, and is about to start on the great purpose of his coming from the far East. One morning, while deep in his studies, a little girl, light as a fairy, and beautiful as an angel, of about fourteen summers, enters, unexpectedly, his room. He gazes upon her and marvels, and more he marvels the more he gazes, and more he gazes the more he fears that this beautiful vision might vanish away. It is a spirit, he believes, not a being that has come to him. It is his own daughter, she that sleeps these many, many years, beside her sainted mother at the Golden Gate of Jerusalem, who has come back to comfort her aged and unhappy father. But it is not his daughter's spirit, neither is it angel nor fairy; it is his friend's motherless daughter, who has come to him with a message from her father. Taking the little visitor in his arms, and seating her on his knee, he asks for her name. "Lael," she replies. He pales from cheek to brow, his lips tremble, the arm encircling her shakes, tears dim his eyes, and laying his forehead on her shoulder, he begins to sob, and continues sobbing, till from pure sympathy, the girl sobs with him.

Several minutes his white locks and her chestnut curls remain thus blended together, and their tears flow thus in common, when, raising his face, and kissing her fondly, he asks forgiveness for betraying thus a father's grief and a father's love, at beholding a girl looking and speaking like the one that once nestled closely to his heart, and that bore her very name, "Lael." "Sacred unto God" "I cannot forget her," he says to her, "and I would not if I could, but you who look so like her, who bear her very name, you could take her place in my heart now, and love me as she did, and I will love you even as I loved her. I will take you into my life, believing she has come again. In the morning I will ask first, Where is my Lael? At noon, I will demand if the day has been kind to her; and the night shall not be half set in, except I know it has brought her the sweetness of sleep. Will you be my Lael?"

He explains to her and to her father, that she is not to forsake her parent, that he is only to be permitted to love her, to train her, to shape her future as another father. Her parent consents. The girl joyfully exclaims: "I will be your Lael too." The overjoyed wanderer clasps her close to his bosom, and kissing her, cries: "My Lael has come back to me! God of my fathers, I thank thee!"

* See author's Lecture "Only a Jew," Sunday Lectures, Series VII.

For awhile his life ambition is set aside for that of training his adopted daughter. Once more he has an object to love, and it becomes the all-absorbing passion of his existence. For her comfort he contemplates building a magnificent palace, and her fair figure he decks with the costliest fabrics and most precious jewels. No expense is too great for him, no labor too burdensome for the development of her grace and beauty and intellect. And richly she rewards his love as parent and his pains as teacher. By the time she reaches young womanhood, she can take her place alongside the most beautiful and the most intellectual of Constantinople, and not be eclipsed by any.

Sweet are his dreams of Lael's golden future, and pleasant are the hopes he cherishes of his prospective joy in her joys, when suddenly all his dreams are cruelly dispelled, and all his hopes dashed to pieces by the loss of his second Lael. The enemy waylaid her, carried her off, and his eyes never again lighted upon her radiant face, and his ears never again heard the music of her voice. Great as is her father's grief, that of her foster-father excels it far. His wrath and fury know no bound. Lael's life and honor are at stake, and to save them he swears that money for her rescue shall flow like water, that he will fill the mouths and eyes as well as the pockets of the people, until there shall not be a dune on the beach, a cranny in the wall, nor a rathole in the city unexamined. He offers a princely reward to him who would bring her or her abductor, living or dead.

He can endure
loss of life's am-
bition but not
loss of daughter.

All Constantinople is on the search, but no news reaches the half-frenzied foster-father. He increases the reward, but with no better result. He appeals to the Emperor, but he is unable to help him. It is the Church, he believes, that thus revenges herself on him for having preached the doctrine of the Universal Brotherhood of Man, and he will be revenged in return. He has borne with resignation the collapse of his cherished scheme for the fraternization of the human family under the Fatherhood of God, for which he had traversed seas and lands, but the loss of his daughter, of his Lael returned from the dead, his dearly beloved, his all, he cannot endure. Somewhere in the vast and crowded city she is held captive. No stain shall taint the purity of his angel-child. She shall not be at the mercy of her abductor. He shall perish, even if she must perish with him, even if a whole city full of innocents must perish with the guilty. Flame and wind shall be the fleet and destructive messengers of his wrath. Over the house, which his daughter's presence had made so bright and joyful, he breaks the lamp, by the light of which he and she together had pored many a night over many a volume of ancient and forgotten lore. His burning brain exults as it sees the raging wind spreading the flames from house to house, from street to street, from hill to hill, and forth he wanders from the burning city—an unhappy man, yet a father revenged.

I have purposely chosen from among the world's literature, these two strong and vindictive, and in many respects heartless characters, the

The strong love of daughter of both these stern characters illustrate power of father's love.

hoarding Merchant of Venice, and the scheming Prince of India, to show the hold a child has upon a father's heart, even upon a father devoid of other human affection. I have touched upon the revenge of both, to show the heights or depths of passion to which a father will

permit himself to rise or sink, if violence is done to a child of his. And I have summoned both these gruesome characters and their vengeful spirits before you, that, by the strength of the paternal instinct within these unlovable, uncongenial, selfish natures, you may be the better able to judge of its yet higher power and sway in nobler fathers' bosoms.

And I am almost convinced that it requires powerful illustrations to prove to not a few, that there is such a thing as a father's love, that even fathers are capable of a sublime love of children, capable of bringing heroic and tragic sacrifices for them, so scant has been the treatment which the world's literature has accorded to father's love. It teems with choicest eulogies on mother's love, while of a father's love it speaks but seldom, and, for the most part, very stintedly when it does speak.

Powerful illustrations required on account of scant treatment of father's love.

I have no fault to find with its favoritism towards a mother's love. Motherhood deserves all the praise it receives, and more than it receives, but its lavishness must not be indulged at the cost of neglectful treatment of a father's love. Significant as is the difference between a father's and a mother's love, it is a difference rather of expression than of feeling, rather of physical conditions than of intensity.

Mother's love and father's love contrasted.— Mother-love is woman's natural instinct.

Mother-love is woman's natural instinct and inherent birthright. While its fullest power and beauty can be attained only by a mother, still the instinct of motherhood is present in every true woman, and naught but an acquired masculinity can ever stamp it out of her bosom. Even as a little child she takes to mothering dolls as naturally as a duck takes to swimming. As a girl, she takes to caring for and looking after babies, to kissing and caressing them, with a motherliness that is as unique as it is beautiful. As a young maiden, she frequently shares the responsibilities of mother's maternal duties. Mother-love with woman, therefore, is a gradual development of an inborn instinct, a gradual unfolding of her larger capacities for love and sympathy, which nature has given her as a recompense for her inferior physical strength, and for her lesser fitness for the sterner struggles of life.

With man, however, father-love is altogether an acquired trait. He is not born with it; he is not especially endowed for it, and he manifests but rarely any signs of it, before he attains the state of fatherhood. As a little boy, he turns his back upon dolls, as he does upon babes when a lad. Youth summons him

Father-love is an acquired trait.

from the affection-fostering home and family-circle, to the battlefield, where the keen struggle for existence greatly tends to quench his emotions, to repress his affections, to harden his nature, to encrust him with a rough and callous exterior, which, if not removed in time by a beloved

woman's hand, thickens inwardly, and encroaches upon the territory of his heart. It is with unequal advantages, therefore, that man and woman enter into the parental state.

And man's disadvantages do not cease, even after the blessing of fatherhood has been vouchsafed unto him. For, while the mother can for the most part, wholly devote herself to her little ones, while she has all the time and all the chance to grow into their affections, and to make them grow into hers, the necessity of providing for the little ones and their mother, banishes him from their presence to a stern world much of his time, often days and nights, often weeks and months, often long enough for the separation to make serious inroads upon the affection of children towards their father, and upon that of the father towards his children. Even at best, his communionship with his children is limited to a few hours a week, and, not infrequently, considerable of this time must be devoted to the unpleasant duty of admonishing and correcting, if not chastising, his offspring. He is the head of the family, he wields chief authority, and his is the power and duty to enforce it. Children's delinquencies of a serious nature are reported to him for punishment. During his absence, a mother's favorite threat to her unruly children is: "Wait till Papa comes home! He'll make you mind! He'll make you feel the rod, or he'll do some other horrible thing to you!" And something in the way of punishment he must do, upon coming home, to make mother's threat good. Many a child is thus trained, from earliest infancy, to look upon its father with fear, rather than with love, with awe, rather than with familiar affection, while the necessity of maintaining his authority, of enforcing his rules, of punishing infringements, tends more to repress than to arouse affection for his children.

When, therefore, despite all such disadvantages of sterner sex and sterner duty, I see a most devoted affection springing up between father and child, I cannot but stand in awe before it, I cannot but regard it as one of the sublimest sights in nature, as a virtue even more to be admired than a mother's love. Hers is the gift of God; hers is the instinct of her nature; hers is the birthright of her sex, hers is the sole aim and object for which she has been placed on earth, and for which she is enthroned within the hallowed domestic circle. A father's love, however, is all his own acquisition; his stands for so much conquest over his harder and sterner and egoistic self. His is more to be admired for the same reason that a plodding pupil, who masters his lesson after long and painful study, is more to be admired than the gifted boy, who masters it after going over it but once or twice. His is more to be admired for the same reason that a talent, that, after much labor and sacrifice and disappointment, produces a masterpiece, is more to be admired than a masterpiece by a genius which is the result of much inspiration and of little work.

And I cannot but wonder at the parsimoniousness with which a father's love has been treated in literature and in art. The only satisfactory

Stern duties
make a father's
love sterner.

A father's love is
therefore more
to be admired.

Its scant treatment in literature and art probably due to male writers and artists.

reason I can give to myself is this: the writers and artists hitherto have nearly all been of the male sex, and, man-like, and, according to Goethe's dictum "*Das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns hinan*"—"the ever-womanly draws us on"—have had a very keen eye for the grandeur of female love, and a very dim eye for that of their own sex. Probably with the modern rise of able female writers and artists, there will dawn simultaneously, a better appreciation of a father's love, being attracted towards that field by the charm which the opposite sex likewise exercises upon them.

Probably the parsimoniousness of which I complain is due to the more repressed, to the more concealed nature of a father's love, which eludes the grasp of all but the most conversant with the differences of the nature of the two sexes. Deep as a mother's love grows into the heart, a vast amount of it grows luxuriantly on the surface, and is made constantly manifest by all manners of expressions, emotions and outbursts. A father's love is mainly within, and is largely unexpressed. A larger sympathetic nerve-system with which God has endowed woman, makes it easy for a mother to manifest her love. A cooler reasoning power, and a wider and sterner worldly experience make it easy for a father to control and to conceal his love. God has assigned to him a different sphere in life, and has fitted him accordingly. It has been pre-ordained that a mother's love shall be largely made of a mother's heart, and a father's love largely of a father's brain, that motherhood shall be the goal of a woman's life, and fatherhood only an incident in a man's life, that a mother shall have little else to do than to care for her children and her household, but that a father shall have much more to do, he shall provide for them, make their little nest snug and comfortable for them, guide their course, correct their errors, and also correct, with his cooler love, the blunders of a too fervent mother's love. But for the cooler and sterner and more rational father's love, many a child would go wrong, and many a home would be broken up, by reason of the blindness and overfondness of a mother's love. His is the duty to maintain the equilibrium of parental affection, to temper excesses, and to prove his stronger and truer love by denying to his children what is injurious to them, by compelling them to walk in the way he would have them go, by correcting in them what is wrong, and by punishing them, when necessary, and while he may, that neither they nor their parents may need to be punished later. It is thus that the Father of All acts towards His children. It is thus that the Father of All wants human fathers to act towards theirs.

Probably due to repressed nature of a father's love.

A father's stern love has proven many a child's salvation. Many a child's experience has been the confirmation of the Biblical teaching that "he that loveth his son chasteneth him betimes." Many a child's recorded confession has been that its father's sterner love has proven the truer. But for a father's cooler love, many a great man might never have attained unto greatness.

A father's sterner love often proves the truer.

There were hours and days during their childhood, in which Martin Luther, Wolfgang Goethe, Thomas Carlyle and others, stood in awe and fear of their stern and inflexible fathers, and ran, with a fugitive's haste, from their icy presence to their mother's warm bosoms. Yet, each of them lived to acknowledge, that while their mother's affection filled their hearts with love, their father's correction filled their heads with light. It was not an emotional love, that which the father of Frederick the Great displayed towards his son, certainly not, when, for disobedience and flight, he condemned to death his own son, the crown-prince of Prussia, the heir to his throne. But he had a king to train, a father of the people, a worthy successor, and not a strolling piper nor an epicurean idler, and such training required firmness and sternness, and the world has learned to realize that William's sternness has filled the earth with Frederick's fame.

Yet, with all this firmness and sternness, the times are far more numerous when a father's severity relaxes, when his seeming harshness passes into a gentleness that is as attractive to a child as the softest tenderness of a mother's love. The father who is quickest to punish, is often the quickest to forgive.

Yet, at times, a father's love is as gentle as a mother's.

I have often regarded as the sweetest and most pathetic of Old Testament verses, that which declares that "as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." The comparison is as apt as it is flattering to human fathers. It implies the highest justice, the justice that will not spare even the nearest and dearest, where their good is concerned. And it implies one of the most pathetic of loves, a father's sternness turning into compassionate love the moment the purpose of that sternness has been attained, the moment a child's waywardness has reached its end. It is for the same reason that I have regarded as the sweetest of New Testament parables, that which tells of the Prodigal Son, of him, who squandered his fortune in riotous living, sinking lower and lower, till at last he became a swineherd, till the spirit of repentance came over him, and he returned to his father and said: "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." But the father fell on his neck and kissed him, and ordered his servants to put the best robes upon the penitent child, and prepared a joyous feast in honor of his return.

We must not believe, however, that a father's love only shows itself in sternness, or that it is necessary for the child first to go wrong and to do penance before it may enjoy a father's love. There are instances of a father's love, and not a few, whose

Sweet is the picture of an unbending father.

sweetness rivals that of tenderest mother's love. I have seen pictures and scenes of a father's love, which, if written up or painted or sculptured, would rival the most beautiful and most pathetic ever told, or sung, or drawn or chiselled of a mother's love. Sweet is the picture of an infant at its mother's breast. Beautiful is the picture of a mother in her nursery, surrounded by her children. But sweeter and more beautiful to me, is the picture of a strong man, of a father, stern and cold and

harsh in the outside world, softening and unbending within his home, amidst his children, romping and sporting, laughing and singing, toying and joying with them, as if he were a child himself. What picture more beautiful than that of seeing a king, who rules a mighty nation, a general, before whom armies tremble, a philosopher, who awes the world of learning, a merchant-prince, who controls men and marts at the ends of the earth, cooing with his little infant, rocking and singing it to sleep, talking, baby-talk with baby, going down on his fours to afford his little mischiefs a ride upon his back, answering with patience their thousand and one questions, wise and foolish, studying the school-lessons with the little lads and misses, growing and crowing wild over their college games and victories, sunning himself in the radiance of his blooming daughters' charms, going with them, and doing for them, wherever and whatever the whims and fancies of these sweet tyrants command.

What love can be gentler than that of a father for his grown daughter! What love more unselfish! A mother's love for her daughter has mixed with it the pleasure of companionship, the ambition for a brilliant marital alliance. A father's love for his son has mixed with it the ambition that the family-name might become illustrious through the son. But his love for his daughter is all unselfish joy, all unselfish pride,—it is the love for his own child, superadded by the instinctive regard a man cherishes for the true and good and beautiful of the opposite sex. I consecrated a marriage the other day. After the young couple had been declared husband and wife, and the blessing had been given, the usual congratulations followed. I saw the bride sobbing on her father's neck, while he, seeming unconcerned, patted her cheeks gently, and said: "Never mind, you'll be happy, happier than you've been before." "So may it be," I said to myself, yet wondering whether husband's or even children's love will ever equal that father's affection. A few moments later I saw the father in the corner, trying his best to conceal his weeping, while the bride's face was again wreathed with smiles. I was much moved by this double scene. I understood both the tears and the smiles, and I thought of Longfellow's words in the *Song of Hiawatha*

"Thus it is our daughters leave us
Those we love, and those who love us;
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
Beckons to the fairest maiden;
And she follows where he leads her
Leaving all things for the stranger."

What tears so stirring, so pathetic, as a father's tears. If a mother's tears move us, a father's tears melt us. Only a cablegram it was to a father, from his son across the sea, whither he had sent him to finish his studies; only a word or two of birth-day greeting it contained,—but he who could have seen, as I

Pathetic are a
father's tears.

saw, a short time ago, the strong hand trembling while reading the message, and the tears coursing down the father's manly cheeks, could have learned a lesson of the power of a father's love. After beholding such liquid testimonies of a father's affection, one can understand why wrathful Achilles, who had sworn eternal and direful vengeance not only on Hector's life but also on his dead body, could not resist the much-bereaved father's tearful entreaties for the dead body of his son, or why Macduff's tears flow so copiously, and his bosom heaves so violently, and his fury rages so terribly, when told that Macbeth had foully slain all his little ones, "all his pretty chickens and their dam at one fell swoop." And so can one understand why the mighty king David cast himself upon the earth, and remained there seven days, weeping and wailing and abstaining from food, as long as his little child hovered between life and death; and why, when the news of the death of his rebellious son Absalom reached him, he wept aloud and said: "O my son Absalom! Would to God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son!" And so also can we understand why the aged father, in Uhland's "*Des Sängers Fluch*" should have launched that terrible curse upon the king, whose sword had pierced the heart of his blooming son, and that heaven should have heard and obeyed the bereaved father's direful command.

And I would not know where to begin and where to cease, were I to attempt to speak of a father's sacrifices for his children. His children's future is so much wrapped up in all his ambitious and strivings, in all his saving and stinting, that one has difficulty to tell where his children's interests cease, and where his own begin, or whether there is any of his own at all. What burdens have not fathers borne, what hardships have they not endured, what dangers have they not braved, what pains and privations suffered, that want might not harass their children's studies, that they might grow into man- and womanhood, unharmed by the trials and temptations of life, unpolluted by the world's crimes and vices! Read of Moses Mendelssohn's father carrying his delicate boy to and from his teacher, and doing extra work deep into the night to keep his boy at his studies. Read the almost similar story of Martin Luther's father. Read of the sacrifices borne for their children's sakes, or of the stimulus given them by the fathers of Horace, of Grotius, Gibbon, Pope, Schiller, Richter, Rousseau, Mill. Read of the father of St. Vincent de Paul, who, to provide for his son's education, sold the oxen from his plow, and dragged the plow himself. Read the dedication of Dr. Aiton's book on "Clerical Economies," which says: "This work is respectfully dedicated to a father, now in the eighty-third year of his age, who, on an income which never exceeded a hundred pounds yearly, educated, out of a family of twelve children, four sons to liberal professions, and who has often sent his last shilling to each of them in their turn, when they were at college."

Sublime is a
father's sacrifice
for his children.

And would you know to what extremes a father's love will extend, read such stories as that of Virginius slaying his own pure and beautiful child, to save a daughter's honor, or hear the story I was told by my

room-mate, while crossing the ocean, a few years ago. A couple of days had passed, and I had not yet laid eyes on him who occupied the lower berth of my cabin-room. He retired after I had fallen asleep, and departed before I wakened, and during the day he was never to be seen in the room. The idea of sharing the room with a mysterious stranger became unpleasant, and I determined at last to sit up one night until he would come. After considerable waiting, he entered. An explanation followed, and the mysterious stranger turned out to be a townsman of mine, a Market Street merchant. He admitted that I had good ground for suspicion, but not quite so much as he once had respecting a room-mate of his. He had five or six days of such an experience as I had, and, like myself, he had determined to get at the bottom of this mystery, and proceeded in the manner in which I had done. In the small hours of the morning the stranger entered, looking pale and haggard, and my friend's inquiry elicited the following information: He hailed from England. His son had left home some years ago to take up a ranch in the Far West. News had reached home that his son was seriously ill. He had departed at once, and had come just in time to close his child's eyes forever, that he had his body in a disguised box aboard the ship, and, fearing that the superstitious sailors might accidentally get to know that there was a corpse aboard, and cast it into the sea, he watched, concealed in the dark and dismal and stifling hull of the vessel, twenty out of the twenty-four hours each day, that no harm might betide his son's remains.

Such is the power and glory of a father's love, aye, and it is far more beautiful than my feeble powers have permitted me to portray. Yet, however great the shortcomings of my presentation are, let mine at least be the credit of having been animated by the noblest intentions, and by the desire to make an attempt at least to render a tardy justice to a too much neglected theme. Even so, let mine be the excuse that it is difficult to travel on well-nigh untrodden fields. And if this feeble and tardy recognition of a father's love do but stimulate really creditable efforts by masters of the tongue or pen, of the brush or chisel, then, indeed, will this hour not have been wasted. Nor will this effort, feeble as it was, have been for naught, if it but stimulate within you, sons and daughters here assembled, a better appreciation of a father's love, a keener perception of his truer, even if cooler and sterner affection, a better valuation of his denial and correction, a better realization that, of all other loves that may now or hereafter twine their tendrils around your heart, excepting mother's love, none will be purer, none truer, none more self-sacrificing and none more enduring than a father's love.

A Wife's Love.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, Feb. 4th, 1894.

Montaign declares in one of his writings, that, if asked to name his choice among men, he would know of but three whom he could regard as the most excellent of all. As first of these he would name *Homer*, the father of poetry, and the teacher of all the poets who have flourished, since his day, as well as the instructor of all the artists and theologians and generals and statesmen, who have toiled and triumphed since he sang his inimitable and immortal lays. Next to *Homer*, he would mention *Alexander the Great* as having been more excellent than all the rest, because of the vastness of his enterprise, the intrepidity of his courage, the excellence of the example he set to all subsequent warriors and conquerors. And as the last of the three most excellent of men he would mention *Epaminondas*, because of the skillfulness of his warfare, the profundity of his wisdom, the persuasiveness of his oratory, the magnanimity towards his enemies.

Montaign's
ideals of great
men

The same essayist gives us also the names of the three women whom he would declare the best of womankind, and he likewise gives us the reason for his choice. As the most excellent of all he mentions the wife of a neighbor of the younger Pliny. Seeing her husband suffering from a painful and an incurable disease, and eager to spare him a prolongation of his miseries, she resolutely advised him to kill himself, pledging at the same time, that she would end her own life with his, that she would attend him in the cure as she had in the disease, that as happily as they entered the marital state together, so happily would they enter together the state of death. Having thus buoyed up his courage, she tied her body to his, and clasping him affectionately in her arms, they cast themselves headlong into the sea.

Montaign's
ideals of great
women.

Next he mentions *Arria*, the wife of *Paetus*, a Slavonian Consul. Her husband having been taken prisoner, and placed aboard a vessel to be conveyed to Rome, she begged to be permitted to accompany and to attend him. Her entreaty being refused, she followed him in a fisherman's boat all the way to Rome. He was sentenced to end his own life in whatever manner he preferred. Seeing her husband weakening under the ordeal, she snatched the dagger he wore at his side, and, pointing it to her heart, cried out to him: "Do thus, *Paetus*!" In the same instant she gave herself a mortal stab. Drawing the fatal weapon out of

the wound, she reached it to him, saying with her last breath those brave and immortal words: "*Paete, non dolet!*"—"Paetus, it is not painful."

As the third and last of the most excellent of womankind he mentions *Pompeia Paulina*, a young and noble Roman lady, who had married the philosopher Seneca, in his extreme old age. Nero, his pupil, conceiving some dislike or suspicion against his old teacher, sentenced him to end his life, in his own way, within a specified time. Seeing his young wife inconsolable, he folded her fondly in his arms, and comforted her from the rich storehouses of his ripe wisdom. But the affectionate wife would not be comforted. "I cannot see thee suffer alone," she said to him, "neither can I see thee entering death unattended by me. Let me prove to thee that I have profited by thy wise teachings and by thy virtuous example, that as well as I knew how to live, and how to live for thee, so do I know how to die, and how to die with thee." The husband, desirous of saving her from the cruelty of the enemy, which, he feared, would be visited upon her after his death, consented. A surgeon opened the veins of both their arms. Seneca, being an old man, soon succumbed to death. Paulina, his wife, however, being still in the prime of youth, was not so fortunate. While her life was ebbing away she sank into a dead swoon, in which she remained long enough for Nero to be informed of what had happened. Eager to save the young noble lady's life, the Emperor quickly dispatched messengers to bind up her wounds, and thus she was forced to live against her will. Yet, her pale complexion and sad countenance ever after showed to the world, that the best part of her life and vigor had ebbed away and lay entombed with her dearly beloved husband.

We have before us the three men and the three women, who are held to be, by one of the most eminent of writers, specimen-types of excellent man- and womanhood. It is more than likely that many of us differ from him in his estimate of the character of the men he cites. In the three hundred years that have

Modern ideal of
great men differs
from Montaign's.

passed since Montaign wrote, man's conception of what constitutes excellence of character in man has undergone a mighty change. The warrior, the slaughterer, the conqueror is, in civilized lands at least, no longer the ideal character. There was a time, when people looked with exultant joy upon a picture such as Fritel's "*The Conquerors*," which is being exhibited in our city. To-day, however, we turn from it with horror, or, if we look at it at all, it is to breathe a prayer of thanksgiving, that the days of wanton warfare and cruel carnage are over. A John Howard or a Moses Montefiore stands infinitely higher among us than an Alexander the Great, and a William Lloyd Garrison or an Abraham Lincoln higher than the Theban Epaminondas, and not a few among us rank a Watt, a Fulton, a Stephenson, an Edison, far above the blind bard of Scio, who sang of gods that never existed, and told of battles that probably were never fought.

No such change, however, has taken place respecting his judgment of the character of the three women he cites. The admiration they

aroused in Montaign's time is the admiration they arouse in our own days. Since their time, and ever since Montaign's times, the position of woman has greatly changed, as has man's estimate and treatment of her, but the estimate of what constitutes the ideal of womanhood has remained the same. The ideal of manhood changes; the ideal of womanhood remains eternally the same. The ideal of manhood has changed from bard and warrior and conqueror to reformer and philanthropist and inventor, and this will change to still other ideals. The ideal of womanhood, however, has experienced no change, despite the new spheres that have opened to her, despite the new capacities she has developed. It has been, it is, it will be, the loving, faithful, self-sacrificing wife, the true and staunch companion and helpmate of her husband, true and staunch in old age even as in youth, in adversity even as in prosperity, in death even as in life.

But self-sacrificing wifehood has remained the ideal of womanhood.

The omission of any mention among the ideals of manhood of man as a devoted and an appreciative husband alongside the beautiful types of self-sacrificing wives, which the past and present gives as ideals of womanhood, tells us of yet another thing respecting woman that has undergone little or no change, and that is the man's insufficient appreciation of the wife. From Eve's time unto this, it has been, in far too many cases, the fate of the wife to surrender her all, her individuality, her family and her name, often her ease and happiness, her very life, unto her husband, to bear and to care, to toil and to slave for him, and for him alone, without, for the most part, receiving any other return than that of being regarded and treated as an inferior being, as a domestic drudge, as the toy and sport of her husband's leisure hour, as an object to be decked and decorated and paraded to feed a husband's vanity or to kindle envy and jealousy in other men's hearts.

Lack of reference to a husband's duty in ideal of manhood proves man's underappreciation of wife.

Like so many other of life's truest blessings, that are never truly appreciated while possessed, the true worth of a noble wife is seldom, if ever, fully understood by her husband while in possession of her. As we appreciate the blessings of health best when sickness tortures us, and the blessings of food best when hunger racks us, and the beauty of the star-studded vault of heaven or of the golden floods of sunshine best during nights and days of leaden skies and weeping clouds, and the blessing of rain best during seasons of drought, and the charm of velvety lawns and flowery meads and blossoming orchards best when tossed upon the wide and turbulent sea, or when wandering wearily through the parched and barren desert, so does many a husband appreciate his wife best when wife he has no more, when death snatches her from his hearth and heart, and, in taking her, converts his flowering and blossoming home into a barren and howling desert, and his smooth and rosy path into a rough and turbulent journey, extinguishes over his head the glittering stars and golden sunshine, and covers his heaven, down to the distant horizon, with chill and ill-boding clouds.

Wife, like other blessings, best appreciated when no more.

Husbands are, with respect to their wives, still too much in a scoffing spirit. Where they should praise they still delight too much to rail. Of what they should speak they are still too prone to keep silent; of what they should be silent they are still too prone to speak. Poor Eve's daughter is still too often the butt of a husband's feeble wit. It pleases him, much too often, to pose as martyr, to implore his fellow-kind's commiseration for the loss of his liberty and peace, to enlarge upon a wife's foibles and frailties, or to portray her as a veritable scold or shrew. Were he, however, to speak the truth, or to see the truth, he would far more often have occasion to see her and speak of her as the source of his truest happiness, as the author and protector of whatever success is his, as the guide to his feet, as the light to his eyes, as the magic charm that keeps his heart warm and his spirit brave.

Many a man, who wears to-day the crown of success or fame, attributes all his glory to his own achievement. But, were the story of his victory rightly told, the world might be surprised, perhaps even the hero himself, to hear that behind the victor stood the wife, that it was she, who, perhaps even unconsciously to herself, filled his heart with courage, inspired his mind with ambition, guided the pen or brush or chisel, directed the speech or blow or step, that led to conquest and renown. Many a man, who wears to-day a crown of thorns, attributes all his misfortune to his wife. But, were the story of his trouble rightly told, the world might be surprised, perhaps even the sufferer himself, to hear that but for the wife that stands behind the sufferer, that but for her love and care, that but for her toiling and slaving, that but for her forbearance and self-sacrifice, the home might long since have been an utter wreck, and the husband's life an utter ruin.

When, O Wife, will full justice be done to thee! When will husbands truly appreciate that without thee creation would have lacked its crown, that without thee man, in his loneliness, would have deteriorated into the brute! When will husbands appreciate that not till thou camest was Paradise a Paradise to man, and that through thee alone was man enabled to found his new Paradise beyond the Paradisian gates! When will husbands appreciate that only to tame wild man has God sent thee on earth, and that only through thy taming, only through thee, his ministering angel, only through thee, his loving and patient and self-sacrificing helpmate, has he become a mate fit for the gods.

Ah, when will husbands appreciate that, in forming man's Paradise on earth, thine own life often becomes a purgatory, that, in smoothing his path through life, thine own often leads over the burning sands or through the piercing storms, that in cultivating his fragrant and luxuriant garden-beds, thine own eye often lights but on poison-weeds, and thine own flesh must often be rent and stung by thorns and thistles! When will husband appreciate that, in gaining thee he gaineth all, but

Wife still too
much the butt of
husband's feeble
wit.

Wife wins the
victor's laurels,
and saves her
husband from
wreck and ruin.

Apostrophe to a
wife's love.

that thou, in gaining him, unless exceptionally fortunate, findeth thy individuality lost, thy path narrowed, thy sphere limited, thy will subjected to his, thy duty prescribed by him, thy law enacted and enforced by him! When will husband appreciate, that while the marital union brings to him sweeter joys and larger blessings than ever he enjoyed before, what it brings to thee often none would rob thee of, and what it takes from thee none will ever restore!

When will man give thee the full reverence that is thy meed, the full praise that is thy desert, the full love that is thy life and all! When will man appreciate that the gift of a good wife is a token of Heaven's choicest favor, that her happy home is a husband's safest harbor, her loving heart his trustiest anchor, her love-beaming eye his most luminous beacon, her soft voice his sweetest music, her gentle arms his strongest protector, her cheer the inspirer of his most brilliant success! When will man appreciate that there is not a crown upon king's head to-day that is not securer by reason of a wife's love, nor a sword in general's hand that is not surer by reason of a wife's love, nor an idea or enterprise in mechanic's or merchant's mind that is not easier of execution by reason of a wife's love, nor a tongue or pen or brush or chisel, that is not more capable by reason of a wife's love!

The lot of great men's wives is frequently not unlike that of great generals' soldiers. As the latter's heroism often secures the former's laurels, wins for their leaders' names immortal fame while it sinks the names of the brave fighters into oblivion, so does a wife's direct or indirect aid, a wife's conscious or unconscious encouragement and inspiration, often win her husband's laurels, without making an admiring world as much as acquainted with her existence. Were it possible to eliminate the share that wives have had in the masterworks of our greatest men, our libraries and art galleries, our sciences and industries, would be robbed of half of their most cherished treasures. One needs but to reflect on the vast number of books that have been dedicated to wives, and on the sentiments of gratitude for the aid given to husbands, that have been expressed in such dedications, as, for instance, the following of John Stuart Mill: "To the beloved and deplored memory of her who was the inspirer, and in part the author, of all that is best in my writings—the friend and wife, whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement, and whose approbation was my chief reward, I dedicate this volume," one need but reflect on such dedications as these to become conscious not only of the vastness of great men's indebtedness to their wives, but also of the yet greater amount of obligation that proud and selfish husbands have allowed to go unacknowledged.

Wives win victories and husband's receive the glory.

But for the aid and encouragement given him by his wife, the great naturalist Francois Huber, and his scholarly works, would have been hopelessly lost to the world. Afflicted with blindness early in life, young and noble Aimée Lullin, nothing daunted by his affliction, led him to the marriage altar, and for forty years she remained faithful to the pledge

Illustrations of literary men aided by literary wives.

she gave him there, that of being his affectionate helpmate. His adorer to the end, she was also his reader and secretary, his observer and analyzer, his eyes and hands, so much so that when death took her from him, he tearfully remarked that only now he knew that he was blind. And one who knows anything of the want of energy, of the helplessness and eccentricity, of the philosopher, Sir William Hamilton, has no difficulty to tell what would have become of him, had it not been for the untiring devotion and material aid of his energetic and methodical wife. It was she who constantly urged him and showed him the way, consulted authorities for him, copied and corrected his lectures, often through whole nights, unweariedly fed the lamp of his reason, and kept it trimmed, while it shed its luminous rays over the steep and thorny pathway of his thousands of students, and lighted his name to immortal fame. But for the aid and encouragement of their wives, the best works of Lavoisier, Galvani and Daudin, of Niebuhr, Napier and Faraday, of Carlyle, Blake and Hood, and scores of others, might never have come to light.

Valuable as has been the aid given to husbands by intellectual wives, that given to husbands by wives possessed of good common sense and pleasing ways, rather than of great intellectual powers, has been equally as helpful, and at times even more so. The companionship of literary wives is not always congenial to literary husbands. It is distasteful, often vexatious, to husbands to find competitors in their wives. Husbands would rather have the worship of their wives than their rivalry, rather their admiration than their criticism. And be the house yet so large, there is seldom enough room in it for two wedded geniuses or two wedded talents. A stock of good common sense, of domestic tastes, of cheerfulness and sympathy, generally works its way swifter into the heart of a learned husband than a wife's richest store of learning or longest string of titles or medals. In their companionship with their wives, literary and professional men generally look for mental relaxation, for agreeable diversion, for that natural and simple converse, which eases and refreshes the mind, and revives and cheers the spirit. They have their books and colleagues to resort to when their brain thirsts after intellectual draughts; when their heart thirsts after affection, sympathy, cheer, they want to resort to pure-hearted, noble-minded, affectionate and responsive wives. It is to a woman, not to a bundle of books, that they wish to link themselves. It is to a maiden with a mind sufficiently informed, and with a heart full of true womanliness, of warm and unceasing affection, of simplicity and artlessness, and with a hand skilled in the domestic duties, that they wish to link themselves, and not to a shrivelled and spectacled mass of "osophies" and "ologies" and "isms." Such simple and domestic and affectionate wives, such ennobling and cheering and inspiring companions, have blessed the careers of by far the largest number of the world's greatest men, and the influences for good, which they have exercised upon their husbands and upon their husbands' labors, have put

Literary men
aided by unlet-
tered but com-
mon-sensed
wives.

civilized society under an indebtedness to womankind, which it has been slow to acknowledge, and which it has not yet even commenced to repay.

Though I have mentioned them first, it must by no means be construed that the learned and professional class has been benefited the most by a wife's love. There is no rank, no class, where a wife's efficiency for good has not been equally felt. There has never been a stratum of society so high as to be above a wife's blessed ministry, or so low as to be beneath it. The palace and the hovel tell the same fascinating story of a wife's affection; the prince and peasant sing the same sweet song of a wife's cheering and ennobling influence. Their names are legion, who tell of their wives that, though they had been born and cradled in luxury, though they had been pampered and indulged all their lives, though they had never known nor felt the tooth of want or the pang of loss, when the hour of trial came, they served their husbands as models how to bear sorrow with patience, and loss with resignation, and want with fortitude. Not till they passed together through the valley of the shadow of death, not till they drank together from the cup of bitterness, did they know what strength their wives possessed, or what blessing they possessed in their wives. When the hour was darkest and when the end seemed nighest, it was their wives, who, with the tendrils of their love, concealed, ivy-like, the threatening ruin from husband's sight, who clasped them all the fonder to their bosoms, flashed their love-beams all the more luminously into their darkened eyes, breathed words of cheer and courage all the more fervently into their despairing souls, and, kindling thus new light, new hope, new ambition in their hearts, impelled them to newer and ever newer efforts, till victory came at last.

Husbands of other ranks have been equally helped by wives.

In the hour of need, she, the faint-hearted, shows the bravest how to be brave. If an illustration of this you want, think of the bravery of Disraeli's wife, who, accompanying her husband one day to the House of Commons, where he was to deliver an important speech, had, upon entering the carriage, one of her hands caught in the door. Fearful of disturbing her husband's thoughts, and of alarming him by her mishap, she bore the excruciating torture with heroic fortitude till they alighted in front of the Parliament buildings, nor did she even then consent to have her wound attended to, lest her husband should miss her from her customary seat, and be troubled on account of her absence.

She, the faint-hearted, shows the brave how to be brave.

In the hour of need, she, the tender, shows the most courageous how to be courageous. If an illustration of this you want, recall the story of brave Gertrude, wife of Baron Von der Wart, who, when her husband was bound alive on the wheel, by it to be torn and crushed to pieces, attended him in his last agonies, and soothed and cheered him till life was extinct, suffering all along within her heart agonies almost equalling those her husband endured.

She, the tender, shows the courageous how to be courageous.

In the hour of need, she, the peace-loving, shows the most daring how to dare. If an illustration of this you want, recall the episode of Stauffacher's wife urging her husband on to rouse the noble Switzers into open rebellion, and to lead them valiantly forth against their Austrian tyrant, and to fight, and, if it must be, to die for their liberties.

In the hour of need, she, the timid, shows the strongest how to be strong. If an illustration of this you want, recall the heroism of the

She, the peace-
ful, shows the
daring how to
dare.

She, the timid,
shows the
strongest how to
be strong.

Lady of Provence, of which the French historian tells, and which has found so sweet an echo among Mrs. Felicia Hemans' verses. Her husband is on the battle-field. His wife Clotilde kneels at home, and tearfully prays for his

safe and victorious return. A messenger hastens to her and announces the sad tidings that all is lost, that the flower of the army lies slain upon the battlefield, that many have fled, among them her husband. The flush of wrath reddens the deadly pallor on her cheeks at the utterance of the last words. Loudly her indignant voice exclaims: "It is not so! My husband is among the dead, never among those that fled! Lead me to the battlefield, and where the dead lie thickest, there I will show thee my husband dead!" Forth to the battlefield she goes. Among the dead and dying she strays. Through pools and streams of blood she wades, with resolute mind and bold step. What she had foretold proves true; where the battle was fiercest, and where the dead lay thickest, there she finds her husband dead. No tear escapes her eye. No sigh escapes her lips. With an exultant heart she has him borne forth. With a proud step she follows behind the bier. With his face uncovered, that all the world might gaze upon him, and see that it is her husband dead, she has him carried to his last resting-place. But longer her brave heart cannot hold out. She sinks beside her husband's tomb. She has saved her husband's honor. She has no further need to live. By the side of the brave husband they bury Clotilde, the yet braver wife.

How strange and how cruel, that creatures capable of such love and heroism, capable of such self-sacrifice for their husbands' sakes, should be made to suffer from husbands' want of love, want of appreciation, want of trust, from husbands' neglect and faithlessness and cruelty! How strange and how cruel, 'Tis strange and cruel that such wife's loves should suffer from husband's abuse. that with wives overflowing with affection for their husbands, with wives eager to bless the home and to cheer husbands on to success and happiness, the Shakespeares of all nations should find it necessary to wail the sad stories of the *Desdemonas*, of the *Imogens*, of the *Helenas*, of the *Hermiones*, of the *Katherines*, or the Tennysons of the *Enids*, that the stages of all peoples and the newspapers of all lands should teem with impersonations and accounts of wronged and broken-hearted wives! Was it not the other day that we read of a young wife of good family, whose husband had taken to dissipation soon after their marriage, who, too proud to tell her people of her suffering, bore it in silence, who, eager to keep his shame from the world, would not even

permit her servants to bolt the door after her drunken husband's return in the small hours of morning, but waited up or lay awake till his return, and attended to that duty herself. One cold night, as she heard her husband mounting the front steps, she slipped down, clad only in night-robe and slippers, to open and to bolt the door, when with a curse, the angry drunken brute slammed the self-locking vestibule door behind her, leaving her, unclad, in the bitter cold vestibule. Rather than ring the bell, and waken the servants, she remained in that vestibule all night, till she was found in the morning unconscious, and doomed to death,—and when she died, her last utterance was probably words of forgiveness for the husband who slew her.

How strange and how beautiful it is to see a wife, who suffers most from a husband's neglect or cruelty, the readiest to forgive a husband's wrongs. Often, the more he strives to ruin her home, the harder she toils to preserve and strengthen it. Often, the more he strives to cast her aside the harder she toils to win him back to her yearning heart. Often, the falseness he proves to her, the stauncher she proves to him.

"Yes, woman's love 's a holy light,
And when 'tis kindled ne'er can die ;
It lives, though treachery and slight
To quench its constancy may try."

'Tis strange and
beautiful to see
wife's love ready
to forgive a hus-
band's wrongs.

Parents will invite her back to her former happy home ; friends will ask her to share their homes with them, but often she will refuse them all, preferring misery at the side of the husband to ease away from him. It is in vain to reason with such. Her love is true, even if blind, and admirable, if blind. Richter is right : "An den Weibern ist Alles Herz, sogar der Kopf,"—"In Women all is heart, even the head."

What one of us could not tell pathetic instances of a wife's constancy and patience, of a wife's forbearance and forgiveness ! What poet of eminence, what historian or essayist or story-writer of fame has not tried his hand in perpetuating the stories of the wrongs to wife, which he had seen, or of which he had heard or read, or which he knows exist, though unseen and unheard. The ancient Homer knew of it, for he sings touchingly of *Oenone*, the beautiful shepherdess wife of the Trojan Paris, who deserted her for fair Helen, but who returned to her wounded unto death, to be nursed and comforted by her, to confess to her his wrongs, and to die forgiven in her arms. And the book that but yesterday left the press tells the same sad story, only in a different language and with different characters. And, if we may place faith on Byron's expatiation on Biblical text, then was a wife's constancy and forgiveness displayed long before Homer's days, among the very first of recorded human families, for, when *Cain* committed his bloody deed of fratricide, when his God forsook him, when his mother launched the terrible curse upon him, when his nearest and dearest turned and fled from him, sweet *Adah*, his sister and wife, remained with him still, remained even though he bade her leave him too, as all the others had left him, she replying, that her

place is at her husband's side, that for his bloody deed it is not her office but God's to judge him.*

And though such constancy and self-sacrifice, such forbearance and forgiveness towards an undeserving husband is strange, it is not difficult

A husband can make his wife the happiest or unhappiest of mortals. of comprehension. Marriage means infinitely more to woman than it does to man. It is an episode in a man's life, in a woman's life it is an epoch—and the only epoch.

Even the most devoted of husbands—and God be thanked that there are many such—have other interests and other ambitions away from home, have other worlds to conquer, other enterprises to foster, other fames and other fortunes to seek and win. To a wife her husband is her all. For a husband's sake a wife leaves her nearest and surrenders her dearest; for a wife's sake many a husband does not as much as leave his dog or horse, or surrender as much as a bit of his personal comfort. A husband may sunder the marriage-bond, and be about the same as he was before he married. A woman once married, if unfortunate, is a woman always marred. For a wife her husband is a sublimated form of herself; his home is her world, his heart is her kingdom, his smile, his kiss, his word of approval is her hope, her prayer, her ambition. However much she loves her parents, however much she loves her brothers and sisters, however much she loves her children, her husband she loves more than all. He alone can make her the happiest of mortals, even as he alone can make her the most miserable. If she has his love, she can spare every other love; if she has him by her side, she cares for no other Paradise, for no other heaven, even for no other God.

Occasionally, a wife, not understanding the different nature of masculine love, may exact too much from a husband. The bulk of wives,

however, are contented even with but small tokens of appreciation, with but slight expressions of endearment. Not enough for husbands to know and feel that they love their wives, they must make their wives to know and to feel it. For the one wife that exacts too much from her husband, there are a thousand husbands that give their wives too little of their time, their appreciation, their consideration. Here lies husbands' greatest offense against their wives.

Here is the starting point where husbands' betterment may commence.

Remember, husband, it is your wife who is the stay and joy of your life. It is she who is your guide, your protector, the motive-power of your ambition, the cause of your success. A sweeter welcome than hers you will not find in all the world, nor a more faithful companion, neither a more devoted nor a more abiding love. It is not enough to know and to feel that you love your wife; make your wife to know and to feel it. Defer not till to-morrow the affection for which a wife's heart yearns to-day. The morrow may never come. Every expression of endearment postponed adds another wrinkle to a wife's heart, and prevents another wrinkle from being smoothed out in yours. Wait not till too late, but by the poet Freiligrath be advised:

"O lieb, so lang du lieben kannst!
O lieb, so lang du lieben magst!
Die Stunde kommt, die Stunde kommt,
Wo du an Gräbern stehst und klagst!"

"O love as long as love thou canst!
O love as long as chance is thine!
The hour will come, the hour will come,
When at the grave thou'lt stand and pine."

* Byron, *Cain*, Act III.

A Husband's Love.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, Feb. 18th, 1894.

Mr. Henry T. King of our city, a writer of much originality and penetration, makes the assertion that "no woman ever did, and no woman ever will, enact the part of Enoch Arden." It is a bold assertion, one that calls for a closer study than we have probably hitherto made of the nature of the sacrifice, which the sailor-hero of Tennyson's poem brought for his wife.

Woman's power
to enact the part
of an Enoch
Arden denied.

The story most of you know. You have probably read it more than once, and have wept over it as often. Even now you see before you the three orphan-children, merrily at play along the beach, sweet little Annie playing wife, in happy childhood's innocent way, now to brave little Enoch, now to gentle little Philip, and now to both. You see the three blossoming into youth, and all in love with one another, and the maiden much perplexed as to which of them she loves the more, till the bolder Enoch solves her problem by asking her for wife—and nearly breaks poor Philip's heart.

The story of
Enoch Arden
told.

You see her happily enthroned as much-beloved queen in the sailor's own and happy home; and for seven long years you share their joy, together with their little ones, that came to complete the happiness of their union. And then you see the storm-cloud lowering o'er their heads, the sickness that lays him low, and that brings poverty over the once prosperous home, his sailing forth on merchant-ship to foreign ports, far far away from his wife and their three children.

Dark are the days, and severe the trials, that settle upon the sailor's home after his departure. Poverty keeps apace. The last-born wastes away and dies. But in the hour of greatest despair, Philip, now a man of wealth, comes to comfort her, and to ask to be permitted to take a friend's interest in the training of the remaining two children. After much hesitation, the stricken wife consents, and from that hour the children's love for their friend grows into an affection equalling that which children feel for their father.

Ten years creep on, and no word from Enoch, and no news from the ship on which he sailed, reaches the much-alarmed family. Wife and children and friend become more and more confirmed in their belief that the ship is lost, and with it their husband, father and friend. Philip, grieving to see the beloved of his childhood, and the still beloved, pine away and waste her life, takes heart, one day, and asks her for the privilege of taking Enoch's place in her affections, and of taking a father's

place to her children. She hesitates, asks him to wait another year, and when the year has sped she asks for yet another month, and of that month she makes a six-month. Philip urges; the children beg; the poor wife is sorely perplexed. During a sleepless night she resolves to leave the decision unto the Holy Scriptures. She opens the Bible at random, places her finger on a text, and, turning to it, reads the words "*Under a palmtree.*" Whereupon she falls asleep, and in her ensuing dream sees her Enoch "under a palmtree," among celestial scenes, singing Hosannas unto God. Both text and dream confirm her belief that her husband is dead, and so Philip and she are wed.

Poor Enoch had indeed been 'under a palmtree.' The text had indeed been true, but not the interpretation. The palmtree under which he stood grew not in heaven but in the loneliest isle in a lonely sea, on whose shores he had been washed as a shipwrecked sailor. On that shore he stood day after day, watching from under a palmtree for some sail that might take him home to his dear ones. But no ship appeared, though days grew into months, and months into years, though the hair silvered, and the face wrinkled.

At last the rescuer comes. At last his foot steps upon native soil. At last his eyes light upon his native village. At last he reaches his old home. But, alas, he finds it empty. Is she dead? And where may his children be? An old woman, close by, not knowing him, soon tells him all. His much-bowed head bows lower still, but never a word mutters he. Yet his heart, it sayeth "if I might but look on their sweet faces once more, and know that they are happy, I would be content to die."

Not to be seen by them, he steals unobserved to Philip's mansion. He sees his wife and children—and him, all looking the very picture of happiness. Though he had been prepared, the sight is too much for him, "because things seen are mightier than things heard." He trembles and staggers, and with difficulty he succeeds in suppressing a cry of anguish. As softly as he came he steals away; and, when away, he prays for 'strength not to tell them, never to let them know, never to break in upon their peace.' His prayer revives him. For awhile he earns his living in the neighborhood. But gradually his strength fails him, and sickness holds him fast. Feeling his end nigh, he makes the old woman, who had imparted to him the terrible news, swear that she will keep, till after his death, the secret he is about to entrust to her. He tells her the story of his shipwreck and his sufferings, and of his yet greater sufferings since his return. He begs her to tell his wife and children that he died blessing them, praying for them, loving them. The third night after this, Enoch Arden slumbered with the dead.

Such is the nature of the sacrifice which Enoch Arden brought for his wife's happiness, and such a sacrifice Mr. King believes no wife ever brought for a husband, and no wife ever will bring. It is a bold assertion, and yet the more I think of it the more inclined am I to believe that Mr. King is right. No wife, I believe, who is sincerely devoted to her husband,

A wife's love too intense for a sacrifice like Enoch Arden's.

could ever control her love sufficiently to see another woman enthroned in her place in her husband's affection, and not cry out in passion wild at the grievous wrong done unto her. The want of self-control at such trying moments shows a wife's love in its strongest light, and, at the same time, it displays its difference from a husband's love. A wife's love is of the intensest; a husband's love, if less intense, is somewhat more amenable to the dictates of reason. If a great wrong is done to the marital rights of either, in the vindication of the same, the wife generally pursues the course that inflicts the greatest harm to the greatest number, and the husband generally the course that inflicts the least harm upon the least number. If sincere, there is seldom a middle ground in her conjugal affection. She either loves with all her heart or she hates with all her heart; he has his hatred tempered by as much of reason as may save the innocent from shame and pain. It is probably due to this cause as much as to real offense, that so many more divorces are sought and obtained by wives than by husbands.

In justice to the wife, however, let me say that her more impulsive love detracts as little from her worth as his more rational love adds to his. The difference is neither the choice nor the making of either. Her love or temperament is as nature made it and wanted it to be; and his is as sex and training and needs determined it to be. Lessen it in either, and she will become less of a woman, and he less of a man. Nature has made a wife's love larger in quantity and more intense in quality, even if less rational, than a husband's love, because she has need of a greater quantity and better quality. It is her proud and happy privilege to love all the time, morning, noon and night, and morning, noon and night every day, until of days she has no more. A husband's love, however, can find play only during a small portion of his time. Only a part of his interests directly belongs to his home and to his wife. The other part belongs to the world, to its stern duties and to its absorbing cares. As the origin of both names indicate, the sphere of the *wife* is to *weave*, at home, the bright and fragrant flowers of domestic happiness into her own and her husband's life. As *husband*, he is the *house-bond*, the one that has given a sacred *bond* to his *house*, who has pledged to toil and to struggle for the means, that shall support and protect all the dear ones whom it shelters, as Schiller so beautifully puts it in his *Glocke*,

A wife needs intenser love; a husband needs more rational love.

"Der Mann mus hinaus
Ins feindliche Leben,
Muss wirken und streben
Und pflanzen und schaffen,
Erlisten, erraffen,
Muss wetten und wagen,
Das Glück zu erjagen."

"The husband must fight,
'Mid struggles and strife,
The battle of life;
Must plant and create,
Watch, snare and debate,
Must venture and stake
His fortune to make."

Baskerville's Translation.

Such struggles mature the intellect, but they also develop much severity of character, and they also harden the affections. He cannot afford to be hampered on the battlefields of life by the emotions and sentimentalities.

There is no room there for tears and hysterics. Instead of kisses he meets there with blows, and instead of embraces he meets there with attacks.

Only once in his life-time can a man permit his love to become all-absorbing, to hold him within its spell, sleeping and waking, acting and dreaming. It is while he courts some dearly beloved maiden with a view of making her his wife, and for a short time after happy marriage has crowned a romantic courtship. But, if really passionately in love, his attention to his sterner duties greatly suffer from neglect during this period, and were he to extend this spell of all-absorbing amorousness beyond its limit of time, not only his worldly prosperity but also his manhood and his fitness as a providing and protecting husband would be greatly endangered thereby.

In addition to the check which nature itself imposes upon a husband's love, it is frequently repressed still more by a wife's unreasonableness, and, at times, wholly stifled by a wife's incapacity or unwillingness to recognize the radical difference between the expressions of a husband's and a wife's love. The kind of wife I speak of is one of those, who want manly husbands with wifely hearts, who want the honey-moon to last a lifetime, and their husbands to remain passionate and romantic lovers throughout their wedded lives. Forgetting that possession of the eagerly sought wife, that unrestricted enjoyment of her companionship, naturally calms the impetuosity of the whilom lover, they brand as cooling or departed love, what, in truth, is a sincerer, if quieter, affection. Unacquainted with the toils and troubles, that husbands encounter in their struggle for the maintenance of the house, they stamp as slight or indifference, what often is only a troubled or tired or preoccupied state of mind, which many a husband cannot, despite himself, drop at the threshold of his house. Enveloped by unwholesome mists of romanticism, that arise from the sea of romance on which they have launched their matrimonial bark, they are disappointed to find their fancied chivalrous knights only every-day-men, who, instead of paying court to their wives, on bended knees, instead of sunning themselves exclusively in the sunshine of their gracious smiles, actually find enjoyment also in a cigar or newspaper or game, after the evening repast is over. Ignorant of the fact, that constant and close companionship is a powerful disenchanter, that under its wand romance turns into reality, fancy into fact, idealization into common-place, perfection into frailty, they continue to look for perfection, and become utterly unreasonable, when they find their search unsuccessful.

The passage from courtship to married life is a critical one. There are many rocks and reefs to be circumnavigated, and many storms and seas to be encountered, and while the careful navigator comes forth all the stronger and wiser from such a voyage, the romantic dreamer is almost sure to founder on the rocks or to be whelmed by the storms. The literatures of all nations have

When a husband loves too intensely, his worldly interests suffer.

Husband's love yet more checked by wife's unreasonableness.

Passage from courtship to marriage critical

had dealings with the unreasonable wife; the churches of all peoples have worried over her; the courts of all countries have wrangled with her, and countless are the homes and lives that have been wrecked through her. The *Hermione* of Mrs. Lynn Linton's story "Under which Lord" is not an exception, neither is she a fictitious character. She is a reality. She exists by the hundreds. We can point our fingers at many a wife who, like Hermione, mistakes for indifference the quiet devotion of her husband—the depth of which, when true, no wife has ever fathomed, the strength of which, when true, no wife has ever exhausted—and craves for a husband, who will show his love by words, even though he starve her, in preference to a husband, who proves his love by works, even though he secures her comfort and respectability. We could tell the name of many a wife who, like Hermione, 'longs for the diversion of sentimentality, the excitement of lovers' quarrels and reconciliations,' doubts the love which her misguided mind cannot grasp, and which her perverted heart cannot feel, throws herself into a morbid discontent, nourishes unholy desires, strays into sinful ways, extinguishes the happiness-shedding lamp of the home, and leaves it and her husband's heart in utter darkness for evermore.

Wives have not been the only creatures to whom marriage has frequently proven a collision instead of a union. The husband has suffered his share from the marital bond, less noisily, it is true, but no less painfully. Though the stage and the novel have delighted too frequently to picture him as tyrant and villain, in the great unseen book, which is sealed to man, and open to God alone, and in which man's best and worst deeds and thoughts stand recorded, the husband fills many a page as victim and as saint. The story of a wife's suffering is often told. Her weakness is her loudest advocate. Pulpit and platform, press and stage, give the tale of her woe the widest publicity, and ably champion her cause. The story of a husband's suffering is not as generally known nor as commonly told. His strength, his manhood, renders him the better able to endure and to conceal. It is revolting to his manly honor to be the subject of gossip or sympathy at Mrs. Grundy's tea-table or the target of ridicule at Mr. Busybody's club. It is wounding to his pride to figure in a sensational divorce trial. He will, for the most part, rather bear his burden quietly than relieve himself of it by the aid of disgraceful publicity.

Many a husband's failure, or drunkenness, or cruelty has had its origin in a wife's unreasonableness, romanticism, jealousy, extravagance, idleness, showiness, slovenliness. The great blessing that marriage has proved to most husbands has not saved it from becoming a curse to some. The wife that has been as a lily pure, and as a rose fragrant in myriads of homes, has not escaped becoming a thorn sharp and a weed noxious in scores of others. She has been the bloom in one man's heart, and the blight in another's. She has helped and cheered a thousand husbands up the steep and stony hillside to the summits of success, and she has

Marriage often proves to husband a collision instead of a union

Many a husband's ruin has origin in a wife's follies.

been as a down-pulling drag or as a fast-holding chain to a goodly number of other would-be climbers. She has lashed the chariot-steeds to victory, and by clogging the wheels she has brought defeat. She has aroused talent, and she has stifled it. She has made genius to soar, and she has been as a killing sore unto it. She has famed literary men, and she has shamed them. She has been as an Elizabeth Barrett unto the Brownings, and she has been as a Xantippe unto the Socrases. She has been a husband's peace and ease, and she has been his storm and strife.

It is not always a husband's fault, if he is not what he ought to be. Husbands often are what wives make of them. They are more tractable than is generally believed. If she but knows the art of teaching, she has, as a rule, little difficulty in making him to learn his lesson. If she knows the art of swaying by obeying, of bending by yielding, of commanding respect by respecting, of commanding love by loving, of silencing by being silent, of getting much by exacting little, of wearing a pleasant face when a husband scowls, of saying a pleasant word when a husband growls, of stinting on self when a husband is in need, of forgetting herself when a husband has need of her, she may be fairly sure that such a wife's knowledge will fan a husband's love into a most luminous, most cheering and enduring flame. If she would but learn the art, as Dean Swift, puts it, of making cages as well as she learns that of spinning nets, if she would but learn that marriage has greater need of physical health than of facial delicacy, of domestic attainments than of aesthetic accomplishments, if she would but learn that it is mainly in the novel or in the drama, where all plot and interest end with marriage, that in real life plot and interest only begin at the sanctuary of matrimony, if she would but learn that not all is gained, but all is to be gained, when a husband is gained, if she would but learn that marriage is too solemn an alliance, and too serious in its consequences to enter into it without regard to age or condition, to health or station, and that its happiness cannot be purchased with any other coin than that of the purest love, if these lessons she would learn, and well remember when learned, we would hear much more than we do now of a husband's love, and much less of a wife's wrongs.

Show me the wife who has learned these lessons, and who sacredly puts them into practice, who has married whom she loved, and loves whom she married, lives and acts, thinks and plans, for him and his highest good, and I will show you, almost invariably, alongside of her the purest type of a husband's love, a type which in tenderness quite equals that of the most devoted and self-sacrificing wife. Show me a companionable wife, and, as a rule, I will show her to you in the genial companionship of her devoted husband. Show me the wife trained for a helpmate, and, as a rule, I will show her to you the helped by her mate. Show me the wife able to make a husband to love and cherish her, and, as a rule, I will show her to you in the full enjoyment of a husband's love.

Husbands often
are what wives
make of them.

Wife, that lives
for husband only,
finds husband
lives for her alone.

Yes, and you might also be shown many a wife in the full enjoyment of a husband's love, who, by reason of her failings and follies and sins, is little deserving of it. There are instances many of husbands pressing their hot kisses upon wifely lips that are false to them, of husbands faithfully trusting wifely hearts that plot and scheme against them, of husbands who love their wives all the more, the more they suffer from wifely deceit and treachery. There are many instances of literary men, who, when poor and unknown, married women who were mentally and socially wholly unfit for the position of rank and fame to which they raised themselves in later years, and who, despite the trying inequalities, bore with them patiently, and loved them dearly.

Some wives enjoy husband's love undeservingly.

Few of us can realize what sacrifice this involves, and what high degree of love this expresses. Few of us can gauge the measure of love that a Racine cherished for his wife, who never read a play of his, and who marvelled how he could be so attached to the phantom children of his brain, or that which Heine felt for his wife, who never read a line of his writings, never knew what a celebrated poet her husband was, and yet who loved her more than any other creature on earth, fondled her as a doll, dressed her as a princess, carefully concealed from her the attacks to which he was constantly subjected, dedicated some of his sweetest verses to her, and besought for her, in one of his most pathetic poems, God's special protection, after he himself should be no more. He, who can measure the still loftier heights of genius to which a Galileo, a Dürer, a Luther, a Diderot, a Steele, a Coleridge, might have winged themselves had they been buoyed up and aided by more companionable wives, he who can gauge the greater material prosperity and higher social position other notable men might have enjoyed, had their powers not been crippled, nor their natures soured by wives of nagging ways and shrewish tempers and needle-tongues, by wives ill-mated to their husbands yet beloved by them, can appreciate the strength and devotion of a husband's love.

Illustration of great husbands bearing with inferior wives.

It stands to reason that when uncompanionable wives can command a husband's love, the helpful and thoughtful wife must possess it to a degree almost equalling in attachment a wife's love. And instances are not wanting where a husband's love even excelled the highest types of a wife's love. Sing as loud as you please the praises of a wife's devotion, you cannot deny equal praise to the millions of husbands, who make their daily lives an unceasing toil and moil, who race breathlessly from altar to grave, who slay themselves by inches, that their wives may want for naught, that their delicate hands might never be roughened by the hardship of labor, nor their gentler frames and minds come in contact with the asperities of the outer world.

If undeserving wife enjoys husband's love, how much more the deserving one.

Sing as loud as you may of Penelopê, waiting faithfully, twenty years long, amidst a host of pressing suitors, for her husband's return,

Illustration of a husband's faithfulness.

you must sing with yet greater ardor of the faithfulness of Ulysses, whom neither the intoxicating fruit of the Lotos-eaters, nor Circe with all her power and beauty, nor the Sirens with all their enticing songs, nor Calypso with all her allurements and blandishments, nor Nausicaa with all her ravishing beauty and fabulous wealth, whom none of these—neither princess nor queen nor goddess, neither kingship nor palace nor paradise, could tempt from returning to barren and rocky Ithaca to the beloved wife of his youth.

Speak as unstintedly as you can of the tenderness of a wife's love, you cannot be brief when dwelling on the tenderness and self-forgetfulness, which countless husbands display every day, who read from off a wife's face her wish before yet it is thought, and gratify it before yet it is expressed, wait upon her day and night, with the watchfulness of a mother, when suffering, and soothe and comfort her, as if she were a child, when sorrowing.

A husband's tenderness.

Neither can you sound the praises of wifely helpfulness and appreciativeness, without bestowing unstinted praise on the myriads of husbands, who make their lives a constant study how to please their wives, who cannot be happy save at their wives' sides, who have a word of cheer and encouragement for the wife, even when she is overwhelmed by failure, whose hearts are overflowing with gratitude even though their lips be silent. Not all husbands are demonstrative, nor can all husbands be. Not all can carry their hearts on their sleeves, nor the lovers-lexicon on their lips. It is revolting to the stern and manly natures of many a husband to enact in public or in private a Romeo and Juliet balcony scene. Many a husband appears to a gushing and sensual world cold and brusque, and is branded by it as selfish and inconsiderate and brutal. But could that same fault-finding world peer behind the curtain, peer into the privacy of domestic life, see the stern, inflexible masculinity unbend, see the seeming hardness soften, and seeming coldness warm, they would behold an affection that is all the dearer and all the cheerier, because all the deeper and all the truer. Not all husbands have the courteous flow of Brutus' speech, but many a husband's silent prayer at night includes that which the stern Roman offered: "O ye gods, render me worthy of this noble wife!" Not all husbands have the elegance of Washington's pen, but many an absent husband feels, even if he cannot express it, what he wrote to his good wife Martha, that 'not seven times seven years of honors abroad would equal one month's happiness at her side at home.' Not all husbands have the power of expression that President Andrew Jackson had, but many a husband's heart confirms his conclusion that "Heaven will be no heaven to me, if I do not meet my wife there." Not all husbands can give the aid and encouragement that George Henry Lewes gave to his brilliant wife, George Eliot, yet many a wife might say of her own, even if less important, achievement, what George Eliot wrote on the manuscript of her first great work, *Adam Bede*: "To my dear husband, George Henry Lewes, I give the Ms. of a work,

which would never have been written but for the happiness which his love has conferred on my life," or what she said of Mr. Cross, her second husband: "Marriage has seemed to restore me to my old self . . . To feel daily the loveliness of a nature close to me, and to feel grateful for it, is the fountain of tenderness and strength to endure." Not all husbands have the poetic genius of a Julius Sturm, but I see hundreds of husbands now before me, whose happy hearts and love-beaming eyes seem to echo every word of the charming poem he dedicated to the wife:

"Du führtest einem heil'gen Amt
Auf schönen Pfaden mich entgegen,
Und hast die Kraft in mir entflammt
Und gossest auf mich deinen Segen,
Und machtest sanft und leicht mein Joch:
O Gott, wie glücklich bin ich doch!"

And as to the oft-praised wifely virtue of forgiveness, while it is true that we cannot praise it too often nor too highly, still must we not forget that husbands have forgiven where wives never forgave.

We have already touched upon this in our reference to the Enoch Arden story, and we might add thereto the conclusion of the story of Hermione, who when she returns as a penitent wife to the husband she has much wronged, and sobs for forgiveness, receives the tender answer: "Love has nothing to forgive. You have come back to me, and the past is forgotten. You are mine, my own, my second self, my soul. I have nothing to forgive, I can only love!" And though in a different sense, I cannot but touch upon the catastrophe that has recently overwhelmed the wife, and cost the life, of the great John Tyndall. He had been suffering for some time, and his wife had nursed him lovingly and patiently. But one sad morning she administered to him by mistake the wrong medicine, a poisonous drug. Discovering the fatal accident, he turned to her, saying: "Wife, I am afraid you've killed your poor John!" But seeing her intense grief and despair, he forgot his own pending doom, and thought only of her peace of mind, and soothed and comforted her as best he could. All day long the ablest physicians of London tried their skill, but in vain. None could give him the relief his wife gave him. The presence of none near his bedside was as agreeable, nor the nursing of any as comforting. And he rewarded it nobly. Shortly before his death he said to her, the innocent cause of his suffering and death, what proved almost his last words on earth: "Dearest, if I pull through this it will be all your care, all your doing." And when he could no longer speak he wrote with feeble hand this last message to the heart-broken wife: "Dearest, with my last breath I bless you."

Illustration of a husband's forgiveness.

And as to the deathlessness of a wife's love, we have many instances of the deathlessness of a husband's affection that are quite as pathetic as those that bereaved wives have shown. Was it not only the other day that we read of a husband, who, living near a cemetery, deposited every morning for thirty-one long years, while on his way to his store or church, a flower on

Illustration of the deathlessness of a husband's love.

the grave of his wife, who had been early torn from his side. If President Jackson believed that Heaven would not be Heaven to him without his wife, there are hundreds of husbands to testify that earth is a hell to them without their wives. It was not for its merits alone that Jozef Israels' small and unpretentious painting "All Alone" attracted the largest crowds at our recent World's Fair, and gained the first prize. It was also because of the sentiment behind it, because of the conviction it implanted of the strength of a husband's love, because of the awe it awakened when standing in front of it, and seeing the old man sitting, a picture of despair, with no one nigh, save his wife dead, with nothing left, save heartaches infinite and sorrows unutterable, feeling, in a world swarming with people, All Alone, because she, his wife, his all, has taken wings and has, without him, gone where his mortal eyes can not see her love-lit face, and his mortal ears can not hear the music of her voice. "A picture of fancy" do you call it? "Not found in real life" do you say? Nay say not so, you wrong husbands if thus you speak. It is not fancy. It is fact. I have heard of it. I have seen it. I have felt it.

Women have frequently been unjust in their judgment of the husband. They have held him responsible for his sterner disposition, when they should have charged nature with the fault, nay, when they should have praised nature for it, for it is that very difference that is the salt and spice of happy wedded life, as Schiller has so aptly said in his poem

"The Lay of the Bell"

"Wo das Strenge mit dem Zarten
Wo Starkes sich und Mildes paarten,
Da giebt es einen guten Klang."

"Where gentleness with strength we find,
The tender with the stern combined,
The harmony is sweet and strong."

Baskersville's Transl

They have often charged him with harshness, when examination might have led them to a wife's follies as its source. Because more rational he has been called inconsiderate; because more manly he has been called brutal; because less demonstrative he has been called unloving; because less effeminate he has been called heartless. Let the wife cease imitating those frivolous maidens of whom Isaiah speaks in the third chapter of his writing. Let the wife cease acting the part of that contentious woman of whom the Book of Proverb speaks in Chapters XIX, and XXVII. Let the wife imitate more faithfully that typical helpmate, described in the latter half of Proverbs XXXI, the wife who economically attends to the duties of the household, and sacredly looks to the health and stores of her home, who diligently pursues the path of wisdom, and practices the law of kindness, in whom the poor have a friend, the friends an example, the children a guide, the husband a stay, then will her husband safely trust in her, then will his fame be known in the gates, then will he rise up and say:

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

Grace is deceitful, and beauty is vain, the God-fearing wife alone is worthy of praise."

A Sister's and a Brother's Love.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

Philadelphia, March 4th, 1894.

Washington Irving is at his best when he dwells upon the home-ties. His pathos, always touching, is most touching there. We surrender to the mystic charm of his words ere yet he asks; our bosoms heave, our eyes drop their liquid pearls, before yet his joyful or his tearful story is half told. From opening unto closing sentence, there is not a word but lives and throbs, but enters our hearts laden with the conviction that it has dropped from the pen of a man, who says what he feels and feels what he says. A sad fate, which early clouded the sunshine of his life, the loss of a maiden fair, whom, instead of leading to the marriage altar, he followed to the grave, and to whose memory he remained true all his days on earth, ripened within him the tenderest emotions and the purest affections. Denied the love of a wife, he mourned the deprivation of a sister's love. "Often," he says, "have I lamented that Providence denied me the companionship of sisters; often have I thought had I been thus favored, I should have been a better man."

Irving believes a sister would have made him better.

The world has little fault to find with the incompleteness of Irving's life, or with the imperfection of his character, yet the earnestness of his statement bears, nevertheless, eloquent testimony to the priceless treasure which a brother possesses, whose good fortune it is to enjoy the sweet companionship and ennobling influences of a sister. Even if hid to the world, he knew the imperfections in him which a sister's love might have perfected, the incompleteness which her helpful hand might have completed, the roughness and the hardness which her tender nature and gentle disposition and persuasive eloquence might have smoothed and softened.

Irving's belief well founded.

"Would he have spoken so beautifully of his sister had he been blessed with one?" Yes, Irving would have spoken thus, and even better. Personal experience would have greatly heightened her value in his eyes. Her kiss and caress, her look and her touch, her smile and her tear, her cheery word and her ready hand, her pride and her defense of him, would have made a character like Irving's grandly heroic in days of storm, and grandly angelic in days of calm.

"Do all brothers, whose good fortune it is to enjoy a sister's companionship, speak as appreciatively of them?" The thoughtful do, the thoughtless do not. A sister's devotion is not always rewarded by brothers with the appreciation it deserves, nor by society with the credit it merits. The place which has been assigned to her in the world's literature is so ex-

Great is a sister's influence for good, yet little recognized.

ceedingly small, that one almost requires the searching genius of a German professor, and the aid of a powerful magnifying glass to discover it at all. And yet, though almost ignored in literature, though but meagerly appreciated by brothers and society, she, nevertheless, fills a place in the economy of the household, which neither mother nor wife can fill as well, and often cannot fill at all. Many a mother is credited with the workmanship of a son's finished type of manhood, whose polishing and finishing was a sister's work. Many a wife is praised for her husband's devotion and gentleness, whose training in devotion and gentleness was given him by his sister. Many a sister has taken an incorrigible lad from mother's hand, and delivered him as a most gentlemanly man into the arms of his wife, with scarcely a "thank you" from mother, with never a "much obliged to you" from wife. Few of us know the debt which civilization is under to a sister's love, and still fewer of us can realize into what condition of barbarism we would speedily relapse, were brothers to be deprived of a sister's influence, were children to be divided among homes strictly according to sex, were one half of our homes to be blessed with brothers only, and the other half only with sisters.

It is not accident that nature, as a rule, blesses the home with children of both sexes. I perceive divine purpose in this arrangement. The sexes among the children of the same family shall differ that they may exercise their differing influences upon each other, and for each other's good. Sisters and brothers can do for each other what father or mother can never do for them. Let the child be yet so much attached to its parents, and let the parents be yet so much attached to their children, there is, nevertheless, a barrier between them, which all the affections of their hearts cannot remove. It is the barrier of age, of superior authority, of duty and of dependency, of respect and awe and fear, which of necessity precludes such close friendships and confidences, such common hopes and dreams, plans and schemes, as can exist only between equals in age, or nearly so, between equals in condition and opportunity, such as between brothers and sisters of the same family.

Unlike parental and conjugal love, which, even at best, is only a species of refined self-love, the affection between brother and sister is wholly free from every motive of self-interest, from every sense of duty or obligation, of awe or reverence. It is a natural and spontaneous love, engendered by equal or nearly equal age, by common fate and common interest, by a common past and the likelihood of a common future, by constant companionship, and by mutual helpfulness and protection from earliest childhood. It is heightened by the power each possesses of complementing in the other individual deficiencies. Each exercises upon the other the charms and advantages of the opposite sex. Her greater delicacy chastens his speech; her lesser strength and greater need of protection nurture within him a chivalrous spirit. Her gentler disposition refine his manners; his bolder spirit heightens her courage. What sun and moon are to the earth,

She is divinely placed in household for divine purpose.

Sister's and brother's love wholly unselfish.

brother and sister are to each other. As the sun illumines the earth, and as the moon mends his fierceness with her softer rays, so does a brother illumine his sister, so does a sister mend her brother. Or, why not use Shakespeare's beautiful simile, wherein he makes brother and sister

"Like a double cherry, seeming parted,
But a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart."

Midsummer Night's Dream III, 2.

Let a sister need a defender, and she will find none braver than her brother. Let him need an advocate, and of all his friends and companions none will plead his cause more eloquently than his sister. And even though his guilt cry unto high heaven; her cry for mercy will reach higher still. It is thus that Isabella, the heroine in "*Measure for Measure*," saves her brother's life. When he, the deservedly condemned, entreats her mediation, she distrusts her power at first, she stands divided between her love for her brother and her sense of his guilt, between his wrong and her conscience, but when his terrible doom dawns upon her more and more, her reserve gives way to boldness, her shyness to daring, her hesitancy grows into fiery eloquence, and, though unaccustomed to pleading and arguing, foils and beats her and her brother's enemy.

Each has the
bravest defender
in the other.—
Illustrated.

Of heinous and of unnatural crimes, the criminal records register many, but next to crimes of parents against children, those of sisters against brothers count lowest in number. Nor could it well be otherwise. To do him wrong were to wrong herself. To cause him suffering were to invite suffering upon herself. A sister's hand cannot injure what her heart can only bless. She may try it, but she will suffer bitterly for her trial. How can she wrong him whom she cannot even hate, whom she cannot hate even though hate-deserving! A young man was tried the other day in one of our courts for the murder of his brother. When the jury had rendered its verdict of guilty, the father hastened from the court-room, without any other parting from his son, excepting a mechanical wave of the hand. His sister, however, rushed to him, and passionately embraced and kissed him. She saw not the criminal; she saw but her brother. She felt but a brother's heart throbbing against hers. She saw but the playmate of her childhood, the companion of her youth, the sharer of her every joy, the comforter in her every sorrow. And even though he had taken her other brother from her, and even though his rash act had brought shame and sorrow everlasting upon the family, she could pity, but she could not hate.

A sister's hand
cannot injure
what her heart
can only bless.—
Illustrated.

And what would she not have risked to have saved him! What have not sisters risked for the saving of their brothers! Poor Antigone, thou ill-fated daughter of the blind and grief-laden Oedipus, thou standest not alone in thy daring for a brother's sake, nor in thy suffering for thy daring. Thou hadst heard

A sister will risk
all for a brother's
sake—Illustrated

cruel Creon's decree: that thy brother slain should not be honored with a burial, that his flesh should be given to the birds of the air and to the beasts of the field. But thou didst love thy brother more than thou didst fear the tyrant's wrath. In the dead of the night thou didst steal forth from the city-gates, of thine eyes lanterns thou didst make till thou didst find him. Of thy soft hands spades thou didst make till his grave was dug, and till he had found therein honorable burial. On the morrow, however, thy deed reached the tyrant's ears; but, thy sisterly affection did not touch his heart. Without a tear, without a fear, thou didst hear his cruel sentence to be buried alive. Proudly thou didst descend into the open tomb, and proudly thou didst yield thy life, sustained by the consciousness that thou hadst done thy sisterly duty towards thy unfortunate brother! Paul Heyse thou spakest well

"Ein Bruder und eine Schwester
Nichts Treueres kennt die Welt,
Kein Goldkettlein hält fester
Als eins am andern hält.

Zwei Liebsten so oft sich scheiden,
Denn Minne, die ist voll Wank;
Geschwister in Lust und Leiden
Sich halten ihr lebelang."

But for such sister's love, but for such consciousness of sisterly duty, what might have been the fate of the little Moses in his tiny cradle coffin on the Nile, and what might have been the fate of his Israelitish brethren in Egyptian bondage. Without a Miriams love, there would never have been a Sinaic law-giver; without a sister's anxiety for a brother's fate, the history of Israel and the story of civilization would to-day have had a different reading. She, the sister, lingers, unbidden, at the riverside, even after the babe's own mother has departed, lingers to ascertain his fate, to restore him to his mother, to change his life doomed to life immortal.

Nor was she the only sister whose love and devotion, whose anxiety and watchfulness, whose cheer and encouragement, have made a brother immortal. Absorbed as I have been during the past few months in the minuter biographies of many of the world's greatest men, permitted as I have been to enter thus into the Holy of Holies of their domestic life, into the sanctuaries of their workshop, to see the sources of their knowledge, the secret springs that filled their minds, that buoyed up their spirits, that strengthened their hands, that supplied materials, that trimmed and pruned, that corrected and finished, a thought, that first suggested itself stealthily to my mind, has gradually taken more and more of definite form, until it has almost become a conviction with me, that not infrequently the first name of a celebrated author or artist or composer might be changed for that of his sister, without serious damage to the cause of truth.

It was acknowledgedly true of Charles Lamb, of many of whose writings critics are undecided to this day whether to place the name of Charles or Mary in front of them. It is probably equally true of Caroline, sister of the eminent astronomer Sir William Herschell, who shared with her brother his weary night-vigils, sitting at his side, with eye on clock, with pencil in

A sister's love a
root of civiliza-
tion—Illustrated.

A sister's secret
aid the source of
many a man's
fame.

Illustrated by
Lamb and
Herschell.

hand, recording what the lens revealed to him, registering, computing, analyzing, classifying, sacrificing sleep and leisure, that her brother's name might resound in praise from palace to hut, that his portrait might grace the walls of academies and farm-houses. She would have spurned the thought of hearing herself praised or of seeing herself pictured alongside her brother, though she was probably not the lesser astronomer. She was contented and happy to know that her sisterly aid eased her brother's wearisome labor, preserved his vigor, and lengthened his life.

And as to a sister's influence on Ernst Renan, even without perusing his biography, even without a knowledge of what her sweet companionship during childhood meant to him all his life, what her prayers and encouragement meant to him during that critical epoch, when he decided to forsake romanism for rationalism, to flee to the stifling cloisters of Dark-Age theology and walk unshackled under truth's free air and joyous sunshine, when enemies hissed and friends deserted, when even a mother censured, even without a knowledge of how her pious soul kept him sweetly religious all his life, prevented the excesses into which dissenters often fall, even without a knowledge of how her ennobling companionship during his visit to the land and home of the Martyr of Nazareth, of how her questionings and her doubtings inspired the writing of his epoch-making "Life of Jesus," even without a knowledge of any of these things, one needs but to read this dedication of his greatest work to the spirit of his departed sister, to know it all, to feel it all:

TO THE PURE SPIRIT

OF MY SISTER HENRIETTA,

WHO DIED AT BYBLUS, SEPTEMBER 24th, 1861.

"Do you remember, from your rest in the bosom of God, those long days at Ghazir, where, alone with you, I wrote these pages, inspired by the scenes we had just traversed? Silent by my side, you read every leaf, and copied it as soon as written, while the sea, the villages, the ravines, the mountains, were spread out at our feet. When the overwhelming light of the sun had given place to the innumerable army of the stars, your fine and delicate questions, your discreet doubts, brought me back to the sublime object of our common thoughts. One day you told me that you should love this book, first, because it had been written with you, and also because it pleased you. If sometimes you feared for it the narrow judgments of the frivolous man, you were always persuaded that spirits truly religious would be pleased with it. In the midst of these sweet meditations, Death struck us both with his wing; the sleep of fever seized us both at the same hour. I awoke alone! . . . You sleep now in the land of Adonis, near the holy Byblus and the sacred waters where the women of the ancient mysteries came to mingle their tears. Reveal to me, O my good genius, to me whom you loved, those truths which master Death, prevent us from fearing, and make us almost love it."

As to the sisterly influence of Fanny on her brother Felix Bartholdy Mendelssohn, you will turn in vain for any knowledge of it to your encyclopedias, even to the ordinary biographies of that distinguished composer. Her achievements are almost wholly occulted in the brilliancy of his genius, yet one half of that brilliancy was the dazzling light of her genius, of her sisterly inspiration and helpfulness. His sex made him the greatly celebrated,

By Ernest Renan.

By Felix
Bartholdy
Mendelssohn

hers prevented her from becoming anything more than a great unknown. Though biographers maintain a suspicious silence with respect to her influence on his musical development, could he himself give answer to your question, his truthful lips and his appreciative soul would never deny her the meed of praise she so well deserved. You would then be amazed to find that without Fanny's aid Felix's fame would probably have been an impossibility. Wonderfully endowed herself, masterly skilled herself in the beauties and intricacies of the harmonies, they breathed, from earliest childhood, a common inspiration, spoke the common language of Music. He may have had better instructors, but he never had a better guide than in his sister. He may have had keener critics, but never one as just as she. He may have had more enthusiastic admirers, but never one as sincere as she. He may have had abler helpers, but never one as reliable as she. His genius dazzled as long as hers dazzled. When hers flickered, his flickered. When hers was extinguished, his was extinguished likewise.

And much the same kind of an influence Dorothy Wordsworth exercised upon her brother William. Of all his fortunate endowments and possessions he deemed none greater than his sister's devotion and helpfulness. She knew of no greater happiness than that of being near her brother. She knew of no greater duty than that of satisfying his every need, that of transferring all that was best in her into his larger being, that of feeding the flame of his poetic genius with the materials of her own, that of serving as his eyes and ears, wherewith to steal for him nature's charms and beauties, that of serving as a kind of bee, gathering the sweets of many flowers far and nigh, and laying them reverently at his feet, that he might convert them into honey.

But so far, I have spoken only of the brilliant stars, and of their lustrous sisterly satellites. There is, however, scarcely any need for our mounting so high or for our seeking so far for examples of a sister's love. We have specimens as fine, nearer home, within our own spheres, within our own families, specimens which, if not as illustrious, are as blessed in their influence on brothers. Yet, here, too, we must seek if we would find, and we must seek not because of scarcity but by reason of that maidenly modesty, of that womanly shyness, that makes her to prefer dispensing her sisterly blessings in secret to making public show of them for public praise. She, who often wants not even a brother to know whence his blessings flow, has certainly no wish to take the public into her confidence. She wants no other reward than that of seeing her brother made happier and more successful through her sisterly love and aid. In his public honor, she finds secretly her own. In his public success she finds her private happiness. As God contents Himself with remaining the unseen power behind the wonders of the universe, as the forces of the soil content themselves with remaining the unseen power beneath the vegetation on the surface, as the electric power contents itself with remaining the unseen force back of its marvellous achievements, so does a sister

By sisters in
humbler walks
of life.

content herself with remaining the unseen force behind, beneath, back of a brother's blessings. We are oftener obliged to reason our way to a sister's influence than we are able to trace it on foot. We are often obliged to judge of a sister's existence and doings by a brother's bearing in the world. I know not what experiences others may have had, but as for me, my many years of observation have taught me, that, where you find a noble, useful, manly brother, you may safely look for one of the sources of that nobility, usefulness, manliness, in a sister's love.

It is only when things go wrong with brothers or sisters that sisters will appear on the surface, and appear for grand and heroic work. It is then that they fling shyness to the wind, and resolutely brave misery and torture, face mobs and tyrants, aye, a whole world in arms, if thereby they can save a brother or sister from ruin, if thereby they can save a brother's or sister's honor from stain. It is only when death visits the home, and snatches a mother from a little band of wholly or half-orphaned children, that an oldest sister will suddenly emerge from obscurity, will shake off the fetters of inexperience, will suddenly ripen from girlhood and youth to womanhood, and become a prop to the family, a guide to the young, a stay to the old, the home and all to all.

Only in hour of need will a sister make her presence known.

You have read Goethe's story of "The Sorrows of Werther," and, while reading it, you have been charmed as seldom before by Charlotte's devoted care, herself still quite young, of six little motherless sisters and brothers from eleven to two years old, and of their tender attachment to her, and of her father's happiness that he had still a Charlotte to be grateful for. And you have probably wept over that part, where she tearfully wonders, whether she is really discharging her responsible duties faithfully, when she asks :

Illustrated in character of Charlotte in "Sorrows of Werther."

"Do the departed ones know how we are employed here? Do they know when we are all well and happy? Do they know when we recall their memories with the fondest love? In the silent hour of evening the shade of my mother hovers round me; when seated in the midst of my children, I see them assembled near me, as they used to assemble near her; and then I raise my anxious eyes to heaven, and wish she could look down upon us, and witness how I fulfil the promise I made to her in her last moments, to be a mother to her children. With what emotion do I then exclaim, 'Pardon, dearest of mothers, pardon me, if I do not adequately supply your place! Alas! I do my utmost. They are clothed and fed; and, still better, they are loved and educated. Could you but see, sweet saint! the peace and harmony that dwells amongst us, you would glorify God with the warmest feelings of gratitude, to whom, in your last hour, you addressed such fervent prayers for our happiness'."

Or when speaking of the closing hour of her mother's life, she says:

"She was doomed to die in the flower of her youth, when her youngest child was scarcely six months old. Her illness was but short, but she was calm and resigned; and it was only for her children, especially the youngest, that she felt unhappy. When her end drew nigh, she bade me bring them to her. I obeyed. The younger ones knew nothing of their approaching loss, while the elder ones were quite overcome with grief. They stood around the bed; and she raised her feeble hands to heaven, and prayed over them; then, kissing them in turn, she dismissed them, and said to me, 'Be you a mother to them.' I gave her my hand. 'You are promising much, my

child,' she said: a mother's fondness and a mother's care! I have often witnessed, by your tears of gratitude, that you know what is a mother's tenderness: show it to your brothers and sisters, and be as dutiful and faithful to your father as a wife; you will be his comfort."

Say not this is fiction. Goethe's fiction is mirrored life. I have seen such Charlottes. I have known one, whose name you might have substituted for Charlotte's, in the part of the story which I have read to you, and believe you are reading her biography. I have known one, who, though but eleven years, old, took a mother's place within a home of elder and younger brothers, and a wife's place to a fast-aging father, and who, for many years, so guided, and so presided over, the household, that her brothers to-day occupy positions of distinction and trust, and enjoy many of the blessings of life.

Neither say ye that the sketch of Esther in Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto" is fiction. This author mirrors real life in his writings even more faithfully than Goethe. I know a young woman in New York City, who bears the very name of Esther, who as a mere girl took charge of a large family, under similar distressing circumstances, took a wife's place to a grief-stricken father, a mother's place to helpless brothers and sisters, assisted during a portion of the day in earning the means of the family's support, and washed and ironed and mended and sewed, half the nights, to make up for the loss of time during the day, who, in her anxiety to marry off her younger sisters, and to see her brothers well placed in life, permitted the years to pass over her head, and her own chances for marriage pass by, and who is now caring for two helpless little ones of a departed sister of hers, with as much of love and solicitude as once she cared for their mother.

And so do I know of an Esther in our town, whose life has for many years been a continual self-sacrifice for an unfortunate sister and for her still more unfortunate family, who, her sister having recently died, is now taking almost a mother's place to her children, and almost a wife's place in her husband's desolate home, who, though often taxed, and taxed severely, finds no burden too heavy, and no outlay too great, when it concerns the relief and happiness of her departed sister's children's. And so might we mention a hundred others of other names, whose sisterly love is like that of the Charlottes and Esthers, sisters who have nursed brothers and sisters from death to life, sisters who have yielded their own life in trying to save that of a brother or sister, sisters who sold their jewels, parted with their tresses, did without fineries and luxuries to keep a brother or sister at school or college, sisters who walked their feet sore, and wept their eyes dry in trying to secure a brother's or a sister's release, sisters who, though of feeble hand, barred prison-gates and toppled scaffolds, that threatened a brother's or sister's freedom or life, sisters who, though of feeble voice, made the earth to resound and the welkin to ring in calling justice upon a brother's or sister's wrongs.

Such is a sister's love, and in comparison with it, a brothers love is at a great disadvantage. Sex and opportunity favor her more than him. She has more capacity, more time, more scope, for loving. Moreover he, as a rule, gives her more of a chance for displaying her loving powers than she gives him. His greater impulsiveness, his greater selfishness and helplessness, his greater temptations and greater proneness to yield to them make frequent draughts on a sister's affection, and often try it to its utmost; while her greater unselfishness, quieter life, lesser temptation, tax his love but little.

In comparison with sister's love, brother's love suffers.

When, however, an opportunity does present itself, brothers will manifest a love that will compare quite favorably with the finest specimens of a sister's love. If you are ready to grant that good sisters make good brothers, you must equally grant that good brothers make good sisters. If you praise Dorothy's ennobling influence on William Wordsworth, you must not forget to speak of his elevating influence on her. The contact with the good is as influential for good as the contact with the evil is for evil. What better proof of this than Heine's love for his sister! When with her or when writing to her, he, the frivolous and cynical, is all love, all purity, all goodness. I have just finished perusing the recently published volume of his correspondences with his sister and mother. I have been thinking more favorably of him than ever before, ever since I came across such passages as these, addressed to his sister:

Under favorable opportunity brother's love quite equals that of sister.

"I love you beyond all words and yearn for the moment when I can see you again, since there is no person in the world in whose company I am in better spirits than in that of my sister. We understand each other so perfectly" . . . "'Tis a wrong that cries to heaven that I don't get a line under my eyes from you. How are you living—how are you getting on? O how I suffered to have to leave without having, sweetest creature, seen you again—spoken to you—kissed you! All the morning I've been racking my brains whether it would be one or two fingers that I'd be glad to sacrifice in order to be able to live a few years in your neighborhood." . . . "Whoever loves my wee, small Lotta, him also do I love." "Wherever I may happen to be, my heart is poured out daily in the most loving and pious wishes for you." . . . "Very often do I think of you daily—for twenty-five hours in fact." . . . "You know I rarely indulge in compliments—but you, dear Lotta, deserve a whole cargo of flattering words."

And brothers have shown their love for their sisters by more potent means than those of flattering compliments or affectionate letters. They have shown a capacity for bringing sacrifices for their sisters that were heroic enough for historians to embody in their ablest writings, and for bards to tune to tone in their sweetest lays. New centuries will rise and sink, new authors will enjoy their brief hour of popularity and be forgotten, yet even the most distant generations will not cease reading of Lamb's devotion to his sister, will not cease admiring his consecrating his whole life to her, whom a cruel fate deprived periodically of her reason, and who required the most considerate care during her lucid intervals. Not all the biographies of all the great and of all the little men can show a greater courage to make the best of the worst, a greater

Brothers as capable of sacrifices as sisters.
Illustrated by Lamb.

readiness to thrust aside every other love so that his sister may have it all, a greater patience and gentleness and watchfulness than Charles Lamb evinced for his bright but unfortunate sister. For her he wrote his merriest lines, to her he dedicated his sweetest verse. When observing the approach of an attack, and compelled to take her to the asylum, he led her there, hand in hand, weeping with her like a child with child. When separated from her, he hung about the asylum like a lover before his sweetheart's window. When reunited with her, friends and book counted as naught compared with her companionship.

And he was by no means the only one who has sacrificed his life and all to a sister's interest. I see them daily those noble brothers, who, called upon to take a father's place to fatherless sisters and brothers, toil early and late and all the time, that a brother or sister may not know a want or care, thrust aside the allure-ment of forming other attachments, of starting homes of their own, till the brothers and sisters under their care, are all provided for, which often means till every chance for themselves has slipped away. What matters to them their loss of chance, if only their sisters are secure! What matters to them even their life, if only their sisters are safe! They would rather know their sister dead, and themselves dead with her, than that by surviving them she, unprotected, should come to grief. It was only a week or so ago that a newspaper despatch from Montreal told of a brother shooting his sister, and then himself, because he feared that after his death, which he expected daily, his sister would have none to provide for her, none to protect her. Ah, the protection of a sister's honor, none but a brother can know what that means to a brother. Her wrong is his insult, and an insult which he can deal with only as the brothers of Dinah dealt with the prince of Shechem, as the brother of Margaret dealt with Faust, as the brother of Ophelia dealt with Hamlet.

Sisters and Brothers, sisters and sisters, brothers and brothers, sacred is the tie with which nature has linked your hearts. Only to love one another, to perfect one another, to protect one another Brothers and sisters must never sunder what God has joined. has God given you to the other. Never seek to sunder what God has joined together. A trustier friend than a brother or sister you will never find. It is an old saying, it is a true saying, that "blood is thicker than water." Friends *may* be true, sisters and brothers, if of sound heart and mind, *must* be true. Their common blood decrees it; their common fate compels it. Schiller is right

"Wohl dem, dem die Geburt den Bruder gab
Ihn kann das Glück nicht geben! Aner-schaffen
Ist ihm der Freund, und gegen eine Welt
Voll Kriegs und Truges steht er zweifach da!"

"Happy he, to whom nature a brother has given,
Him fickle fortune never can give. A friend he has
Of common blood, and against a world
Of cunning and of war stands he doubly armed."

The Bride of Messina, Act I, Sc. 4.

A Child's Love.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, March 18th, 1894.

If Shakespeare be the greatest of tragic writers, then is *King Lear* the greatest of tragic creations, and *Cordelia* the greatest of tragic characters. Not all the plays of all the playwrights of all the world contain another character like unto Cordelia's, Cordelia—a type of ideal child-love or one even approaching its perfection. They have brought upon the stage personages of more dazzling beauty like unto the Cleopatras, or of more heroic courage like unto the Joan of Arcs, or of more daring ambition like unto the Lady Macbeths, but never a character as pure and as sweet, as affectionate and as unselfish, as forbearing and as forgiving, as ready to suffer innocently as Cordelia. Were some good fairy from some unknown sphere to come to me, and to say to me: "It is in my power to give to thee the fame of Shakespeare, or to make thee the author of a tragedy like "*King Lear*," or to make thy character like unto Cordelia's, choose one of the three, and it shall be thine," I would humbly make reply: "Give unto others Shakespeare's fame, make others authors of tragedies like "*King Lear*," but make me in heart and soul, in speech and deed like unto Cordelia."

Cordelia is a daughter, one of three, of King Lear, who, having reached and passed man's allotted years on earth, and being tired of the cares of government, resolves to divide his realm among his three children, in proportions equalling their love to- Story of Cordelia told. wards him. Accordingly, he has them summoned, that he may learn from their own lips who of them loves him the most. The two elder sisters immediately pour forth long strings of fulsome and hollow love-professions, and receive each from their over-rejoiced father one-third of his kingdom. Turning to Cordelia, his youngest and his favorite child, and asking her for what he anticipates will prove the most passionate love-profession of the three, and will gain for her the choicest third reserved, he is amazed and shocked and enraged to receive from her no other reply than that 'she loves her father according to her duty, no more, no less.'

After listening to the hypocritical utterances of her sisters, her lips instinctively closed against the warm and pure stream of affection, that at other times would have flown spontaneously from her heart. Since the others spoke falsely, she preferred to keep silent, lest her truth might have the semblance of their falsity. She knew what the consequences of her

reticence would be,—yet she feared them not. She preferred disinheritance, she preferred to see her share divided among her sisters, she preferred to be falsely judged by a father, to dealing falsely with a father. She begrudged not her sister's better fortune, only she entreated them to treat him kindly, who had treated them so well and her so blindly.

No sooner, however, are Goneril and Regan, the two favored daughters, installed in their new power, when they begin to display the heartlessness of their character. It is not long before they proceed to strip him of the little honor and the few privileges he had reserved for himself. His presence becomes obnoxious to the oldest daughter, with whom he has taken up his abode, and she sends him to her sister Regan. The old father staggers under this blow. Terrible is the curse which he launches upon his own child. Bitterly he prays that she, too, may some day experience in a child of her own that 'sharper than a serpent's tooth is to have a thankless child.' Arrived at Regan's home, he is received with no better welcome. He is advised to return and to beg Goneril's pardon, and to submit to the conditions prescribed by her. The heart-broken father makes an attempt at resistance. He asks whether he, who had dowered her with all her wealth and authority, should now, on bended knee, beg his own child for bed and bread. The still greater insults, however, which are heaped upon him at his second daughter's home, force him back to Goneril, as the lesser evil of the two, only to find still more cruel treatment awaiting him there.

This is too much for the tottering old man. His mind becomes unsettled. Forth he wanders, a piteous sight, in a stormy night, into the open fields. The thunders roar, the lightnings flash, the winds howl, the rains pour, yet finds he the fury of the elements gentleness itself compared with the cruelty of one's own children, and a beggar's hovel a paradise compared with the palace of an ungrateful offspring.

Cordelia, whose noble character had, undowered, won the heart and hand of the King of France, knew nothing in her foreign home of her sisters' treatment of their father, till she was at last apprised of it. It was tearful news to her. Her father's anguish cried to her for aid, and forthwith she set out with a royal army to wage a father's cause against his heartless children. Arrived in Britain, she offers all her gold and jewels to the physicians for the recovery of her father's reason, and, when they have partially succeeded, a meeting between the two takes place, which for tenderness and depth of feeling has perhaps not its equal in literature. He cannot believe it possible that she, who speaks so tenderly to him, who caresses him so fondly, who kisses him so passionately is really the daughter whom he had treated so shamefully. He thinks he is dead, and that Cordelia is likewise dead, and that her spirit is tormenting him for the wrong he did her. He begs the lookers-on not to laugh at him for mistaking the kind lady for his daughter Cordelia. On his knees he begs her pardon, while she, on her knees before him, entreats him not to lower his fatherly dignity by kneeling to his daughter, assures him that it is her filial duty to kneel to him, and to crave his

blessing, and again and again she kisses him to repair her sister's cruelties, and again and again she tells him that she has no cause to feel aggrieved at him, nor he to censure himself for any wrongs to her.

I need proceed no further with the plot, since the lesson which I wish to draw from the story of "King Lear" is contained in the part which I have narrated. I wanted a strong illustration of a child's love, and I could think of none better than Cordelia's. And I deem myself fortunate in having thought of her, for, while studying her character, I was led to find more than I had gone to seek. I discovered in that play an equally powerful illustration of a child's wrongs against a parent, and, still more, I stumbled, quite unexpectedly, against one of the most potent causes of such filial wrongs.

Difference between her and her wicked sisters accounted for.

There is one thing, however, that I could not find in that play, and that is an adequate explanation of the excellence of Cordelia's character. In his portrayal of the oldest daughters, Shakespeare was probably a truer interpreter of nature, than in his portrayal of Cordelia's. Characters like General and Regan are the natural products of a character like Lear's. His predominant traits, judging from his love-test scene, must have been excessive wilfulness, proneness to partiality, weakness to flattery, quickness of temper, rashness of judgment, traits which, with some modifications, transmitted themselves to his eldest daughters, in whom they became a fruitful source of suffering to themselves and others. But from what source did Cordelia draw her noble traits? It is a puzzling problem. If we say she drew them from a noble mother, we must follow up our answer with the question, "why are no traces of such nobility discoverable in her other daughters?" No better answer suggests itself to me at the present moment than that Cordelia's superiority was due to instinct first, and to wholesome influences of friend or school or church afterwards, and that her sisters' baseness was due to a stifling of their instinctive filial love, first by parental neglect or evil example, which, in the case of the youngest child, had been much corrected, and later by unwholesome outside influences, which apparently did not hamper the growth of the youngest daughter's character.

I believe every sound child enters life with an instinctive love of parents. I believe there is a psychical correspondence between a mother and her offspring, even after their separation by birth, that there is a mysterious attractiveness between the begotten and the begotter, even though continents and oceans stretch between them. Not all ties are visible to human eyes, nor are all connecting links of material form. Entering upon its existence as life of parent's life, feeling from earliest childhood its dependence upon its parents, for its sustenance, its pleasure, its comfort, the instinctive germ of filial love grows ever deeper, ever firmer, ever more rational, as the child grows older in years and riper in experience, till at length the child can as little help loving its parents as it can help smiling under joy or weeping under sorrow.

Child's love partly instinctive.

And even if it could, the powerful influence which the laws of the land, the customs of the people, the teachings of religion exercise upon the child by inspiring filial love and reverence, would prove a formidable check. Visit whatever people you please, read whatever code of laws you may, study whatever Bible you chance upon, you will find filial love enjoined or enforced. Our Bible is full of it. It not only occupies a place in the Decalogue, but also heads the commandments that tell of the duties of man to man. Its faithful fulfilment is promised the highest reward, its violation is held as a capital crime. In the laws of the ancient Greeks filial neglect is the only species of ingratitude which the state takes cognizance of, and for which it allows an action at law. Among the ancient Romans parricide was punished in a much severer manner than any other kind of murder. The criminal, having been scourged, was sewed up in a leathern sack with a live dog, a cock, a viper, and an ape, and so was cast into the sea.

With such powerful stimuli from nature, law and religion, it is not strange that filial love should of all virtues have become one of the most widely spread, one of the most generally displayed. Go where you will, and you will find children affectionate and dutiful towards their parents, deferential and reverential, appreciative and helpful, mindful of their counsel and patient under their censure, sacrificing convenience and pleasure for their welfare and happiness, caring for them in their old age, when in need, gladdening their declining years of life by loving attendance upon them or by other tokens of endearment. The Cordelias are the rule the whole world over, the Gonerils and the Regans are the exceptions.

Where you observe the contrary, where you see the Gonerils and the Regans, look for the cause of it, first, in mental aberration, and, if you find it not there, then look for it in parental neglect or evil example. It is fortunate for the human race that the influence of nature, law and religion is quite as strong as that of parents, else were the Cordelias the exceptions, and the Gonerils the general rule. It were unfortunate indeed for human kind, were a child's love determined solely by the training it receives at its parents' hands. We would then have more criminals than all our school-houses could hold, more hypocrites than are pews in all our churches, more heartless creatures than all our hospitals and asylums could shelter.

Go and question parents on the first rudiments of proper training of children, go and question your society papas and mammas on the psychical and physical influence of parents on the child prior to its entrance into life, and of their moral influence upon it after it is born, go and question the mother, who is so deeply absorbed in the latest novel, or the father, who is so intensely interested in the political or sporting or financial columns of his newspaper, whether they have read and studied the book that will acquaint them with the laws of life and health, go and question the parents, who are conversant with every requirement of

fashion and with every rule of etiquette, whether they have made themselves conversant with the law of heredity, and the law of environment, go and question the parents, who spend their days in gadding, and their nights in entertaining themselves abroad or in entertaining at home, whether the care-takers of their children in the meantime are really fit persons for this most responsible of all duties, go and question the parents, who deck their children with the prettiest and finest, who make display of their children's beauty, talents, accomplishments in and out of season, who humor their every whim and gratify their every wish, whether they know that they cast within their children's hearts those poison-seeds, which quicken soon, and ripen fast, and overspread and overshadow and frequently stifle altogether the noble implantings of nature, go and observe how children are mentally stunted and morally dwarfed by parental ignorance, neglect, evil example, and then tell us whether characters like those of Goneril and Regan are always self-creations.

I have often more pity for the Gonerils than for the Lears. It is a parent's guilt that often chokes a child's love. An eminent physician tells us that of the many evils of drunkenness a stunted affection in their offspring is one of the most deplorable. Such stunted affection has other sources besides drunkenness. Our heart goes out in pity to the wronged and suffering Cordelia; should it not go out with yet greater pity to her elder sisters, whose heartlessness was probably the fruition of a father's follies? The stream whose source is muddy is seldom clean. The spotted leopard's parents' hide is likewise spotted. A mother, endowed with a rather imperfect knowledge of right and wrong, entertained me the other evening with a tiresome account of the cleverness and sharpness of her little ten-year-old. What she thought mighty clever in her child, no moralist living would hesitate a second to brand as rascality; what she approved as proper, no judge on any bench but would have recognized therein the rudiments of misdemeanors, that are likely to give him or his successors trouble in the future.

Ill-treated parents often reap their own sowings.

Where parents, however, are not wanting in their parental duty, children, as a rule, are not deficient in their filial affection. Good parents have little cause to complain of a lack of children's love. As bitter as Heine is to his foes, so sweet is he to his mother; as fond as he is of ease and comfort and life, so ready is he to sacrifice them all to please his mother. To see his mother he ventures into the land and city from which the German government had exiled him. That he might see her again, he begs her to take the utmost care of herself, and assures her that if she die before he clasps her again to his bosom, he will put a bullet through his head. To spare her a moment's worry, he writes to her in his merriest vein, though he is dying by inches on his "mattress-grave." To allay her anxiety, he forces his paralyzed hand and eye to write to her, saying that while he might dictate to others, to his mother his own hand *must* write.

Dutiful parents usually blessed with dutiful children. Illustrated.

Carlyle, too, was certainly not one of the most agreeable, nor one of the most considerate, nor one of the most sentimental of men, but whenever he touches upon his parents, the otherwise cold and unimpassioned philosopher becomes all aglow with enthusiasm, then he tells us that a better man than his father never lived, nor ever a fairer or saintlier woman than his mother.

With similar love De Maistre speaks of his mother. It was she, he said, who made all other women venerable in his eyes. Of her he spoke as "an angel to whom God had lent a body for a brief season." Of her he spoke as the source of every good he had ever achieved.

Lord Langdale was yet more extravagant in his praise. "If the whole world," he says, "were put into one scale, and my mother into the other, the world would kick the beam."

Alexander the Great, the impetuous world-conqueror, who had little time and little use for sentimentalities, replied to Antipater, who had written to him complainingly concerning Alexander's mother's treatment of him, "knowest thou not, that one tear of my mother will blot out a thousand such letters?"

When all the world sang the praises of Epaminondas, after his signal victory at Leuctra, when he was hailed as the savior of Thebes, as the conqueror of Sparta, as the deliverer of Greece, as the greatest man of the world, amidst this universal applause, the brave general felt no other delight than that which, as he said, arose from a knowledge of the joy which the news of his triumph would give to his father and to his mother.

When Washington was chosen as first President of the United States, the only pleasure the new and responsible honor brought to him, lay in his being able to hurry to his mother, to throw himself into her arms, and to tell her, between his kisses and caresses, that it was all her doing, that his only happiness lay in his feeling, that all her love and care and sacrifices had not been unworthily bestowed.

Such was Garfield's delight when his country conferred upon him a similar honor. "How happy mother will be," was among his first exclamations, and his first message was to his mother. At his side his aged mother, a plain country woman, had to stand when the oath of office was administered to him, and, when invested with his new power, he kissed the Bible first and then his mother, amidst the jubilant shouts of tens of thousands of people. And it was again of his mother he thought, when a few months later the assassin's bullet laid him low. "Poor Mother! Poor Mother, how distressed she will be!" he repeated a number of times. Writing became at length painful to him, yet not too painful to pen occasionally a few comforting words to his mother. The last letter he ever wrote was directed to her. "Dear Mother," he wrote, "don't be disturbed by conflicting reports about my condition. It is true I am still weak, and on my back; but I am gaining every day, and need only time and patience to bring me through." In the following month his mother and his country mourned his death.

A child's love does by no means exhaust itself in saying pretty things of parents or in writing pretty things to them. It can do much more,—it can make heroic sacrifices for them; it can struggle and battle for them; it can conquer or suffer defeat for them; it can die for them. And sometimes it seems to me, that there is more of heroism, more of virtue in children's self-sacrifice for parents than in parents' self-sacrifice for children. The element of duty strongly enters into parents' love. They feel responsible for the life which they have called into existence. They feel under obligations to make that life as happy as possible. Every sigh, every tear, every suffering of a child of their's seems to say to them "but for you I would never have been here to sigh, to weep, to suffer." A child's love, however, is free from all such elements of duty. It is born of gratitude, nursed by appreciation, and sustained by reverence. Its love or sacrifice or suffering for its parent's sake is therefore more of a choice than a compulsion, and is therefore the more to be admired.

Filial love often more admirable than parental love.

Jacob's fondness for his motherless son Joseph, and his mourning for him when deeming him dead are touching, yet, it would have been unfatherly had he done otherwise. Joseph's anxiety for his aged father, his eagerness to have him come to share his blessings, his showering wealth and honor upon him is more than touching,—it is sublime. He might have omitted all and not have greatly sinned, for it had been that father's follies that had brought untold sufferings upon him.

Children, besides loving their parents, can bring heroic sacrifices for them.—Illustrated.

Sublime was the act of the Grecian brothers Cleobis and Biton, who, when the oxen that were to convey their mother to the distant temple of Juno failed to appear, harnessed themselves to her chariot and drew her thither. I do not wonder that Solon regarded that mother richer in the possession of such sons than Croesus with all his wealth.

Sublime was the act of Dama, of whom the Talmud speaks, who, when a merchant offered him a fabulous sum for certain jewels if immediately delivered, and who, upon finding that the key to the casket containing the precious stones lay beneath the pillow of his sleeping father, let the chance of a most profitable sale go by rather than awaken him.

Sublime was the act of Coriolanus, who, marching with a mighty army against Rome to wreak cruel vengeance upon her for exiling him, her benefactor, who, though deaf to the appeals of deputations and friends, of wife and child, listened to a mother's entreaties, and desisted from his direful purpose.

Sublime was the act of the Trojan Æneas who, when his city and his people became a prey to sword and conflagration, through the instrumentality of the fatal wooden horse, and while making his escape with child in hand, with wife following behind, with his feeble father upon his shoulders, lost his beloved wife in the confusion through his anxiety for his aged father.

Sublime was the act of Antigone when leading her father Œdipus, stripped of his power, robbed of his land, deprived of sight by his own

mad act, from city to city and from door to door, begging for him, pleading for him against a cruel world.

Heroic was the act of the son of Quintus, who suffered torture and death rather than reveal his father's place of concealment, or that other noble son who presented himself one day before the Spanish General Morillo, during the Republic of Columbia's struggle for independence, to plead for a captive father's release, and who, upon being asked what sacrifices he could bring for a father's freedom, had both his ears cut off—only to see, as his reward, his father executed before his eyes, Morillo merely shrugging his shoulders and saying, that a father of such a valiant son is too dangerous to live.

Heroic was that daughter of whom Frederika Bremer wrote in her narrative of "*Father and Daughter*," who, when her father, in dread of succumbing to mental and physical paralysis, reveals to her his already entered upon resolve to shorten his limited days by suicide, who, when her effort to reason and coax him from his resolve fails, boldly declares that she will die with him, thereby shaking his determination, from mere pity of her, and restoring him to health and happiness.

And so, had I the time, I could continue for hours with illustrations of a child's devotion to and sacrifice for its parents, more especially of such who, though they have not found a place in the histories of the nations or in the songs of the peoples, are no less tragic, no less heroic, no less sublime than are those of which I have spoken. I could speak of filial sacrifices that have come under my own observation. I could speak of children who stint and slave, early and late, for an honest penny, which is no sooner earned than it is transmitted to their parents. I could speak of children bearing without a murmur the trying mental and physical infirmities of their aged parents. I could speak of sons who surrendered the chance of a brilliant career, because of an aged mother's refusal to remove to another city. I could speak of a daughter's pining away because of deference to her parents' objection to a marital alliance with her own heart's choice. I could speak of wives drooping at the side of husbands, whom they married merely to please a father or mother. I could speak of a husband living with a part of his children in this country, while his wife, with the rest of his family, lives across the sea with an invalid mother, resolved not to leave her side as long as she lingers on earth. I could speak of sons and daughters, who cross oceans and continents to deposit a bunch of flowers, to weep an appreciative tear at a father's or at a mother's grave.

And of yet more heroic deeds of children could I speak, of children's devotion, of children's self-sacrifice, of children's heroism even though their parents are only a burden, only a disgrace, only a life-long sorrow unto them. I could speak of children of the *Adam Bede* type, in George Eliot's novel by that name, whose fathers' idleness and drunkenness brings no end of toil and care and sorrow upon them. I could speak of children of the *Agnes* type,

Even for underserving parents.

in Dickens' novel *David Copperfield*, whose thriftless and shiftless father, of his own accord, confessed, that such patience and devotion, such fidelity, such a child's love as she showed towards him, the undeserving, he had never seen equalled, nor could words ever express how much she had done for him, how much she had suffered for him. I could speak of children of the *Ezra* and *Mirah* type, in George Eliot's novel *Daniel Deronda*, who, though their father had repeatedly proven himself thoroughly unworthy of their love and sacrifices, and who, though saying to Mirah that she need only to breathe the word that he should leave her and she would never see him again, is answered thus by her brother:

"While we have a home we will not shut you out from it. We will not cast you out to the mercy of your vices. For you are our father, and though you have broken your bond, we acknowledge ours. . . . You absconded with money, leaving your debts unpaid; you forsook my mother; you robbed her of her little child and broke her heart; you have become a gambler, and where shame and conscience were, there sits an insatiable desire; you were ready to sell my sister—you had sold her, but the price was denied you. . . . We will share our food with you—you shall have a bed, and clothing. We will do this duty to you, because you are our father. That such a man is our father is a brand on our flesh which will not cease smarting. But the Eternal has laid it upon us; and though human justice were to flog you for crimes, and your body felt helpless before the public scorn—we would still say, 'This is our father; make way, that we may carry him out of your sight.' "

Such is the devotion and sacrifice, the frequent devotion and sacrifice, of a child's love. It is a different picture from that which is so frequently thrust upon you from the stage or in the newspaper. Never judge of a child's love by the filial delinquencies of which the actor or the reporter tells. While they are true, they represent only a small fraction of the truth. Readers and spectators have a morbid craving for the spicy, the startling, the blood-and-thunder-kind, and the self-interested press and stage cater to them. Of the countless deeds of love and sacrifice of children for their parents, daily practiced in countless homes, but little notice is taken. Nor do such children wish to be taken notice of. The true child's love delights in blessing its parents' life, in toiling and struggling for them, in sacrificing and suffering for them, unheralded, unobserved, undiscovered.

And generally without being known.

Never judge of a child's love by the exceptions of which you hear and read. Nor must you always blame the exceptional delinquents. Their failings, when not due to follies of youth or to mental aberrations, are, as I have attempted to show, more frequently their parents' faults than their own.

Parents, let the nursing of a child's love, let the training of a child's heart, be your most sacred task. Unless you train your child's heart, in vain will be all its accomplishments of the head and hand. On the accomplishment of hand and head much depends, on the virtue of the heart depends all. If you can get your children to make sacrifices for you, you will find little difficulty in getting them to make sacrifices for others; if you make of them loving and dutiful children, you have at the same time trained

The training of a child's heart is the most sacred parental duty.

devoted brothers and sisters, devoted husbands and wives, devoted fathers and mothers. Make yourselves loveable, and your children will love you. Do your whole duty, and your children will not be found wanting in their duties towards any of their home-ties. Reform yourselves, and you reform more than your children, you reform all the world. Leave not to nurse or tutor, to teacher or to preacher what parents alone can do the best. An ounce of parents' duty is worth a hundred-weight of preachers' sermons. You hold the key to your children's welfare and to society's progress. You can advance them, and you can retard them. You can bless them, and you can curse them. You can make them famous, and you can make them infamous. You can raise them to the stars, and make them to shine for all eternity, and you can hurl them into the bottomless pit, and make of them a shame and a by-word for ever.

